

# エッセイ 思い出の駅 9 芦奈野ひとし

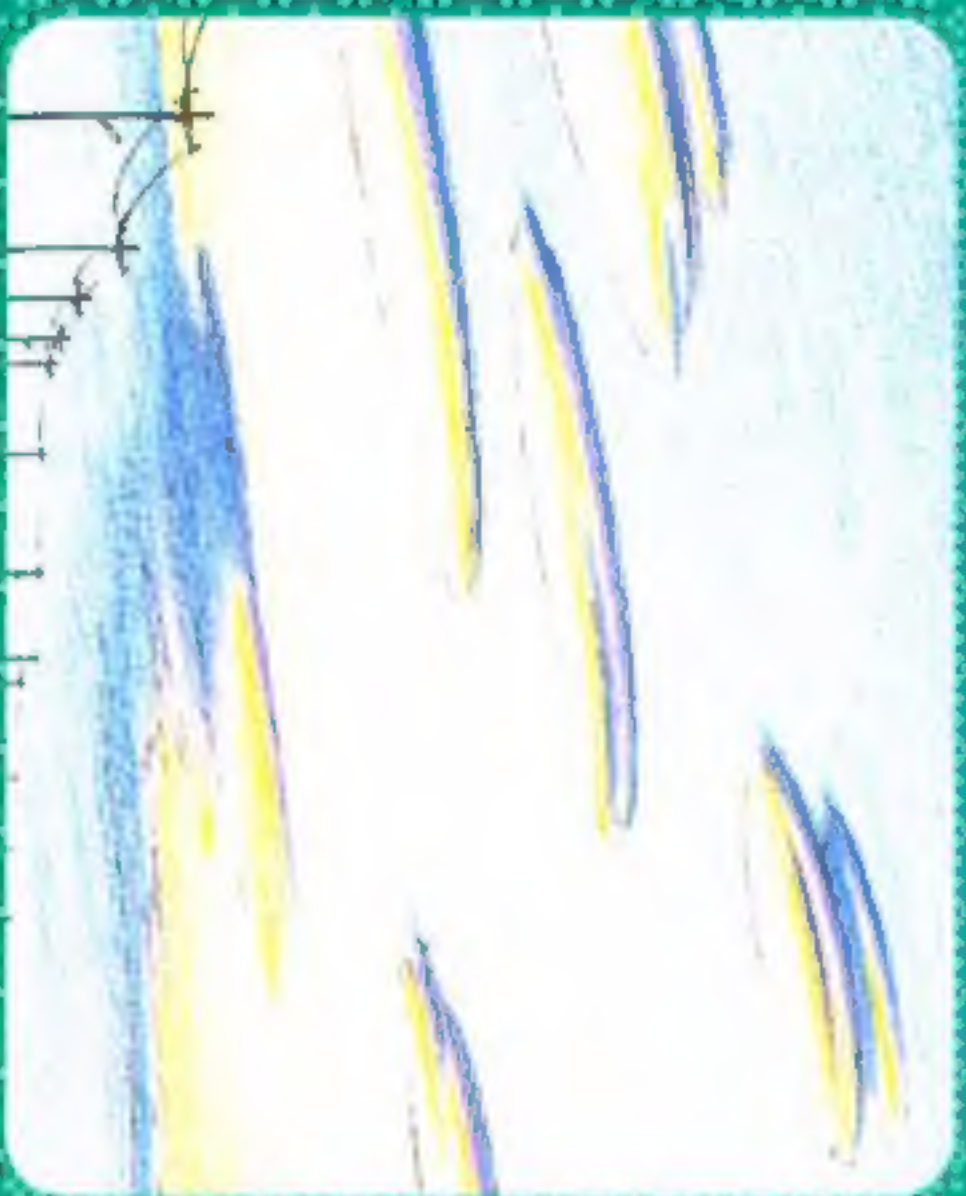
講談社

## 思い出の駅 9 芦奈野ひとし



# 思い出の駅 9 Quiet Country Cafe

アフタヌーンKC



Have you ever wanted to have a record of scents and smells?

"That year, that day, that night's smell..." "That train station's odor"... "The smell of that book"...

If you could save and reproduce sounds and images... If you could share the smells and feelings with someone...

For now, these can only be stored in your memory.

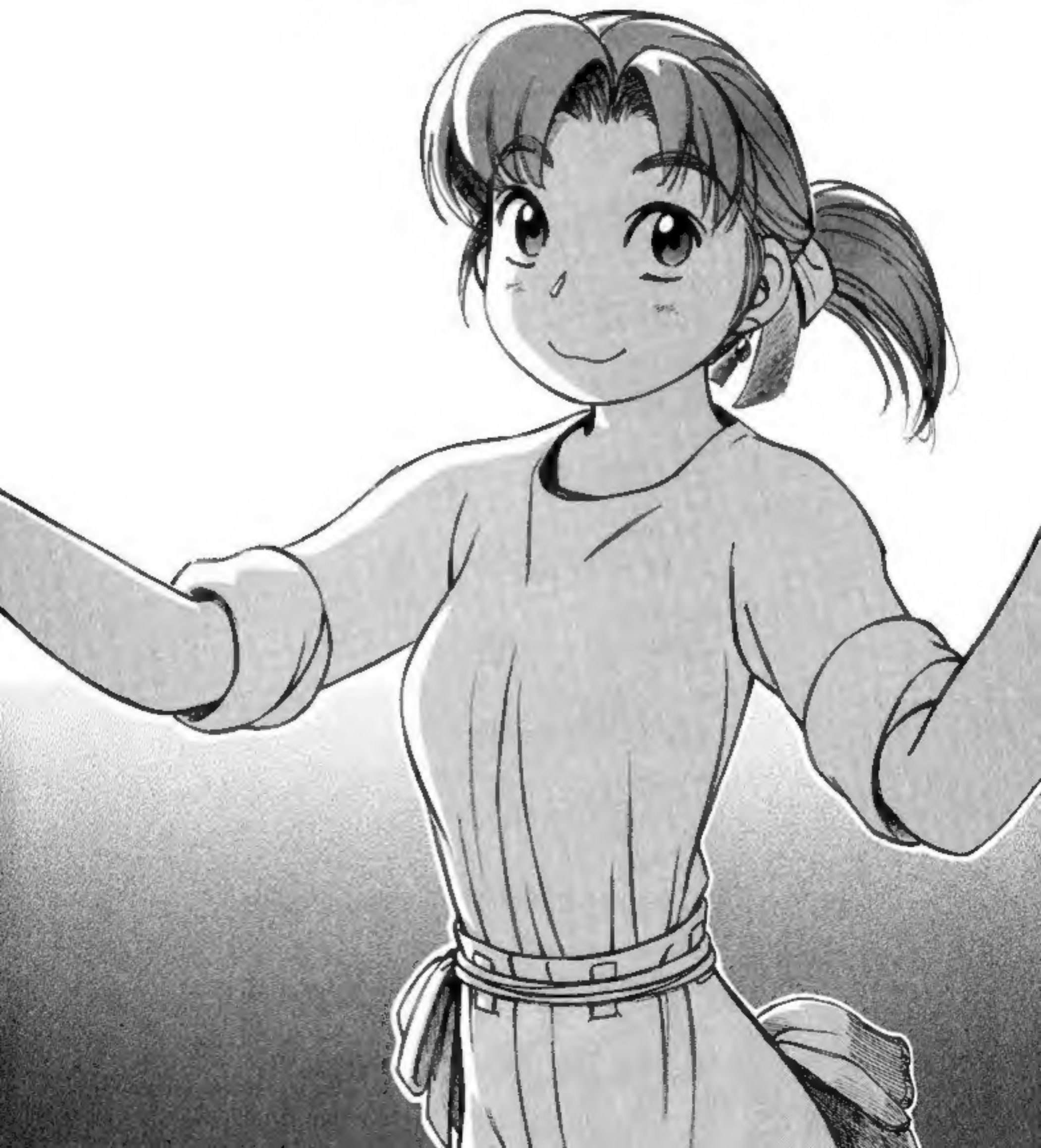
And the only time you can make such a record is when you experience that sense again.



# ヨコハマ

芦奈野ひとし

# 買い出し紀行





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Story 77 ( Salt











THE  
SEA  
ROAD.


THE FOSSILS  
OF PAST ROADS  
MOUNT HIGHER  
AND HIGHER,  
FLEEING THE  
RISING WAVES.









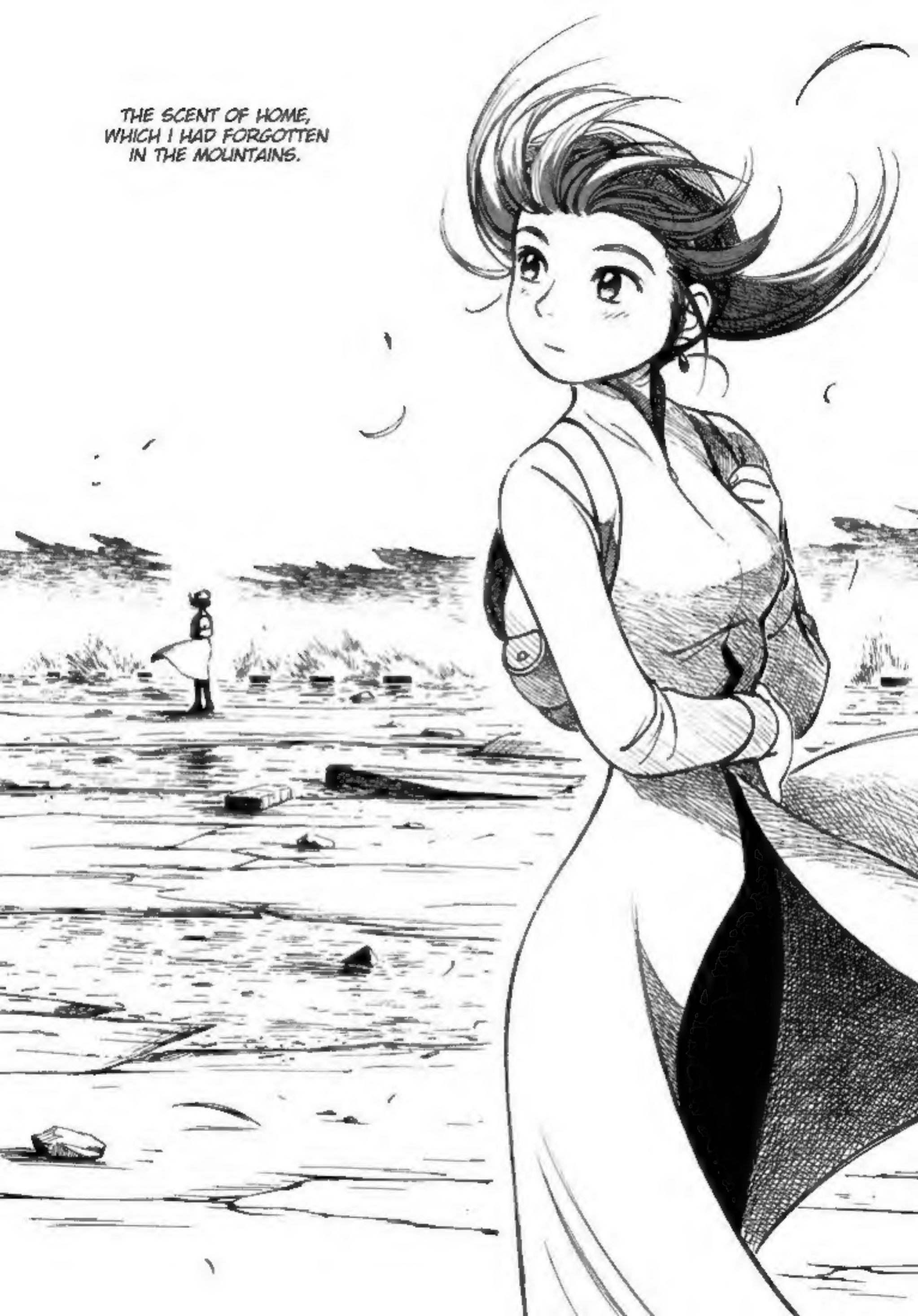


THE SMELL  
OF CAST-UP  
SEAWeed AND  
RUSTY IRON...

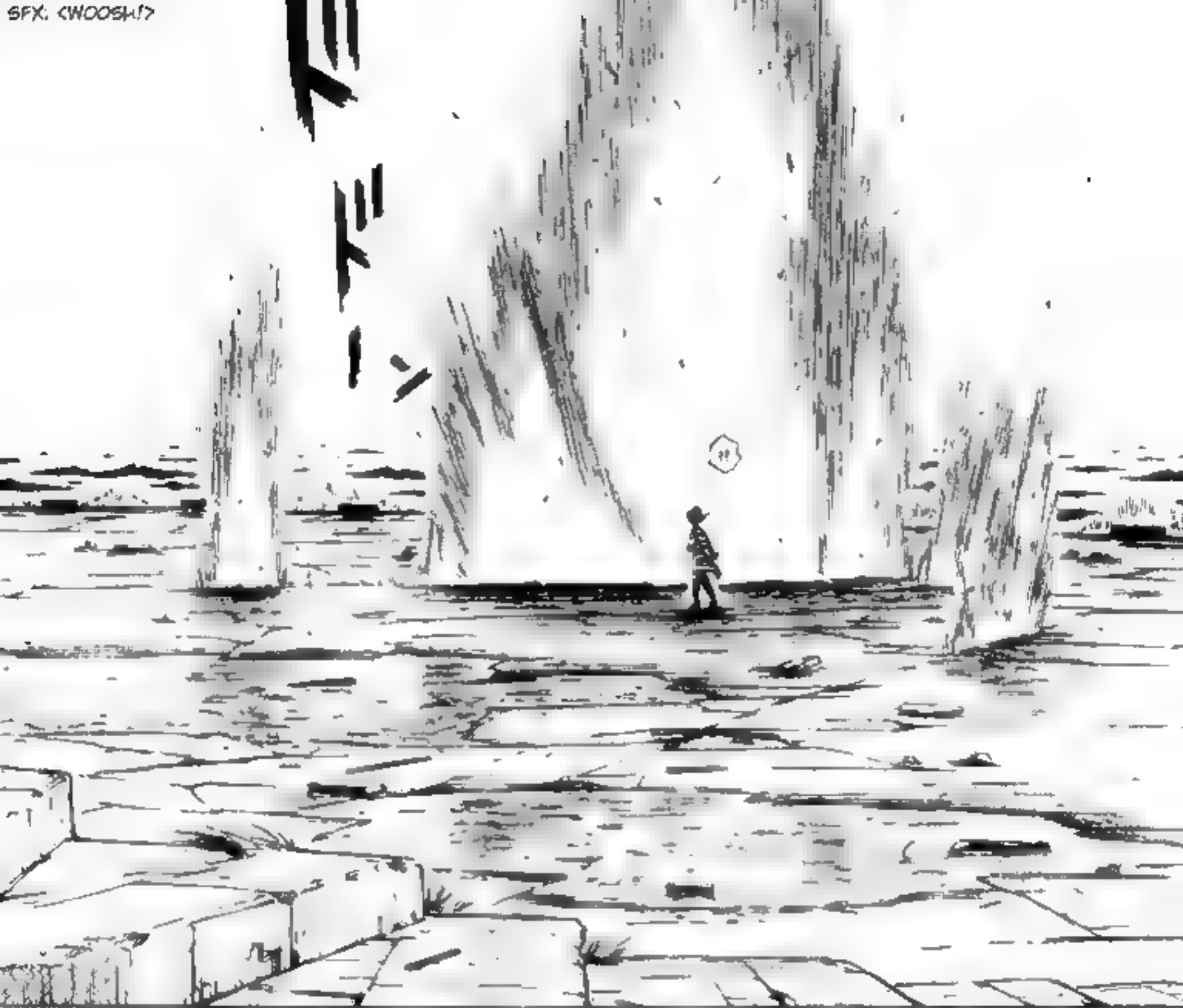
SALT-SPOTTED  
BOARDS.  
PINE TREES.  
MINERAL OIL.



THE SCENT OF HOME,  
WHICH I HAD FORGOTTEN  
IN THE MOUNTAINS.

















Story 78      Violet Eyes



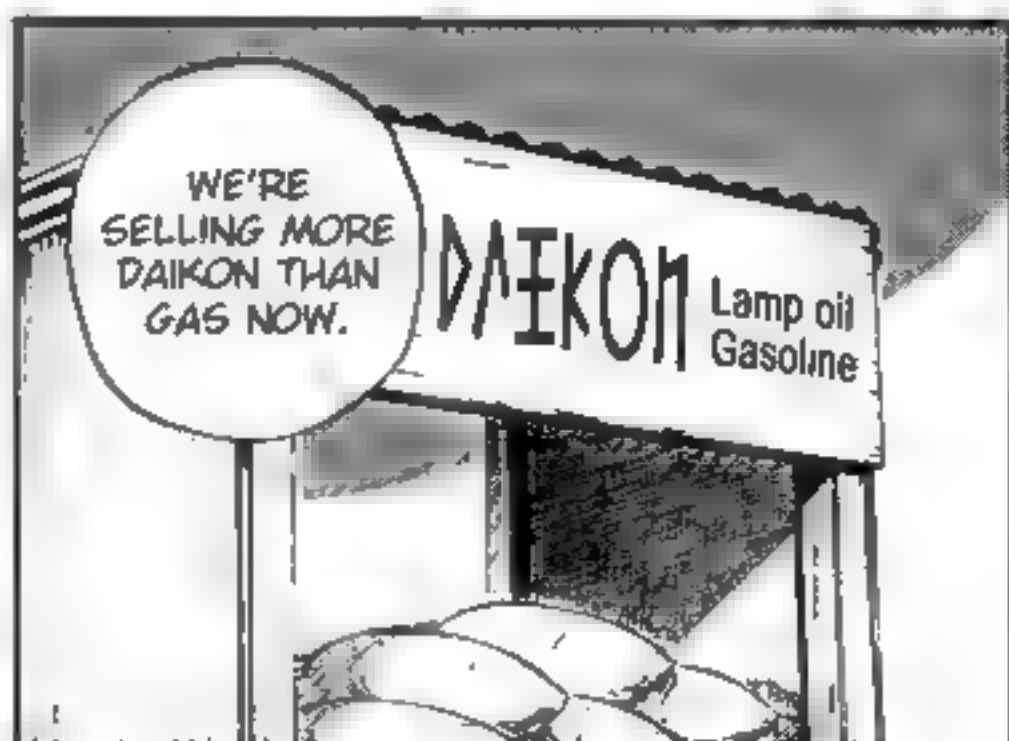






























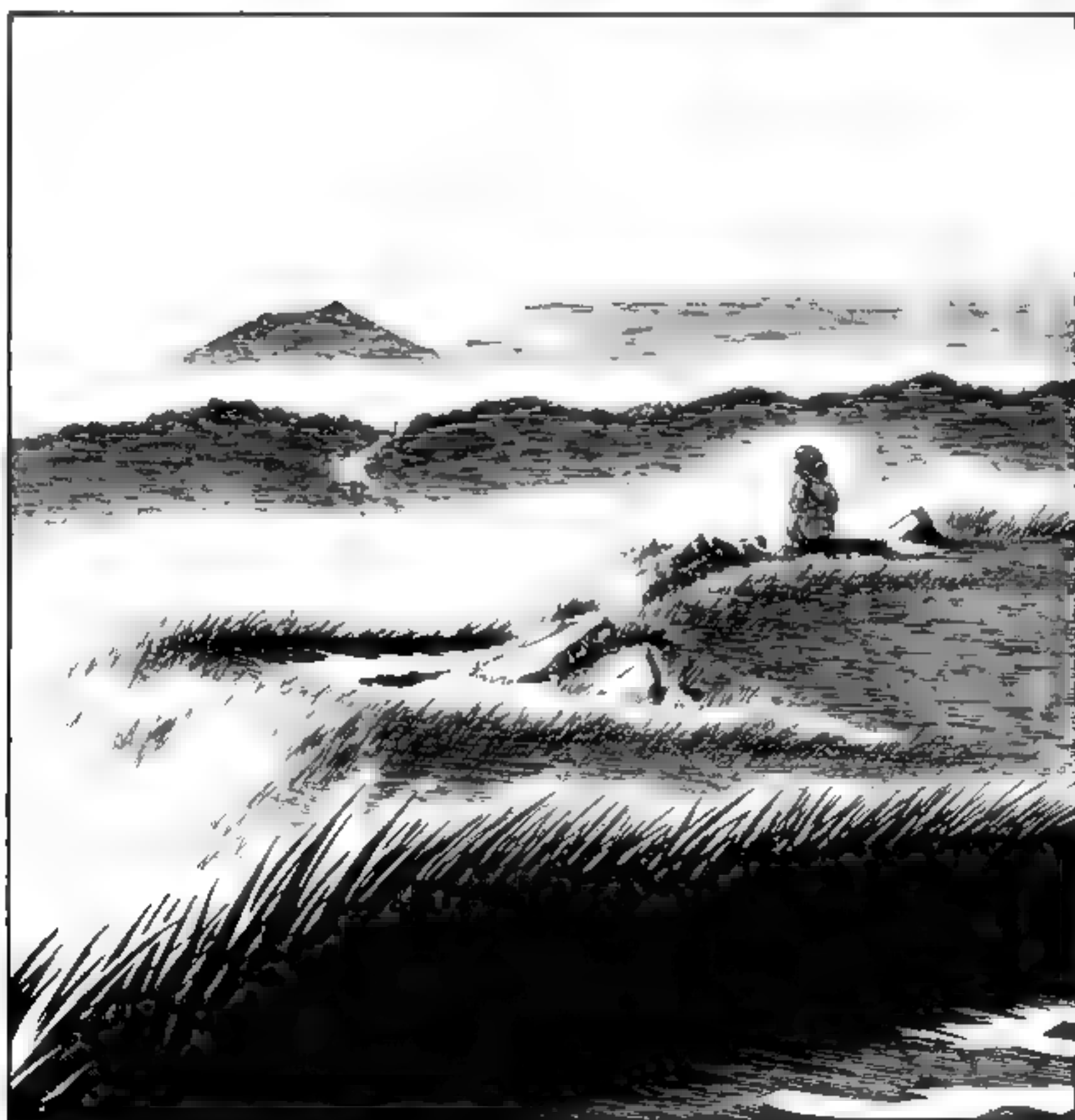














Story 79 *Night of Earth*





I'VE TAKEN MY  
TIME ON THE  
WAY HOME.



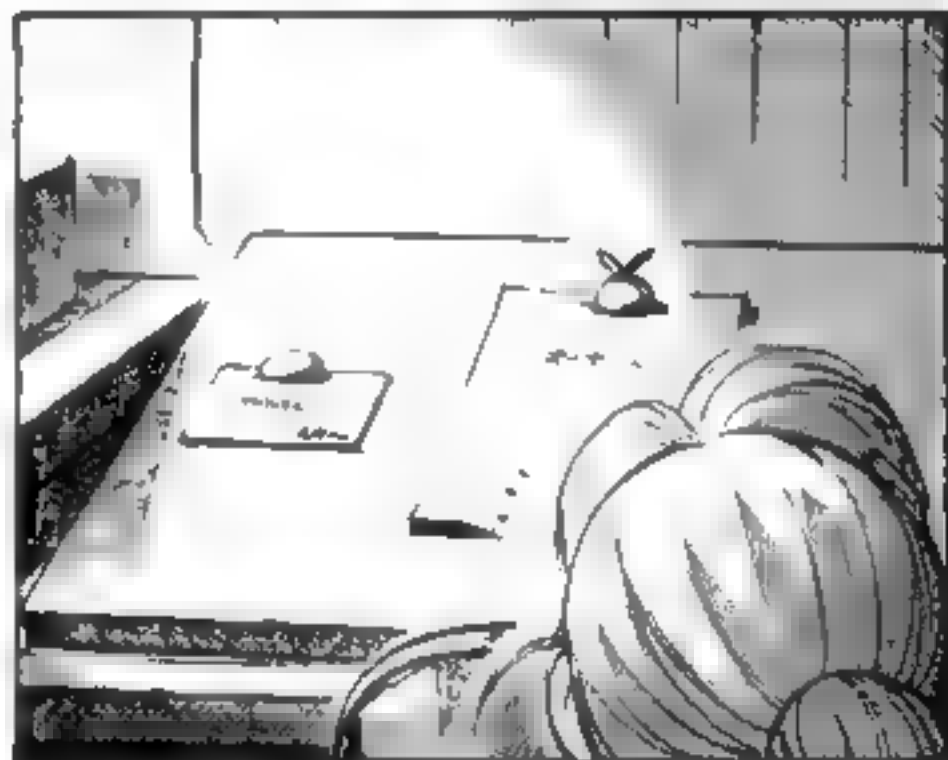


THE SUN HAS ALREADY  
SUNK BELOW THE  
HORIZON.



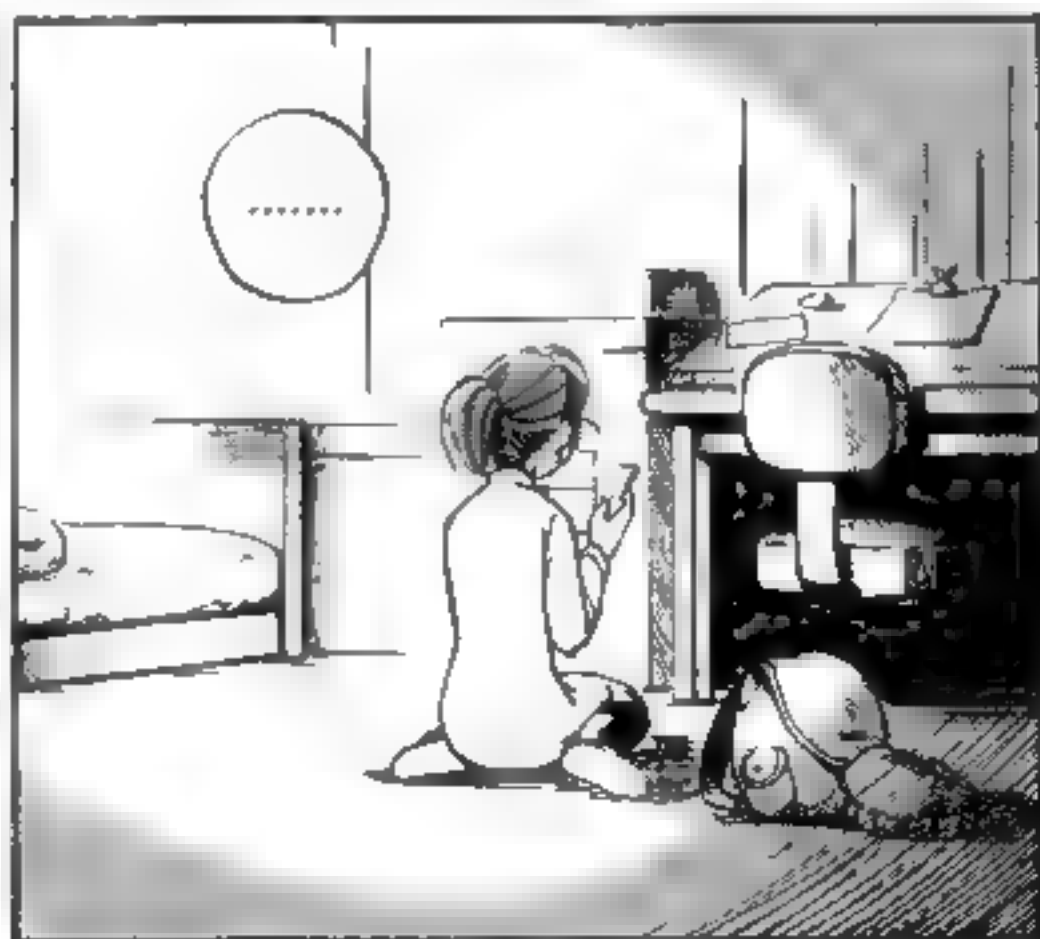
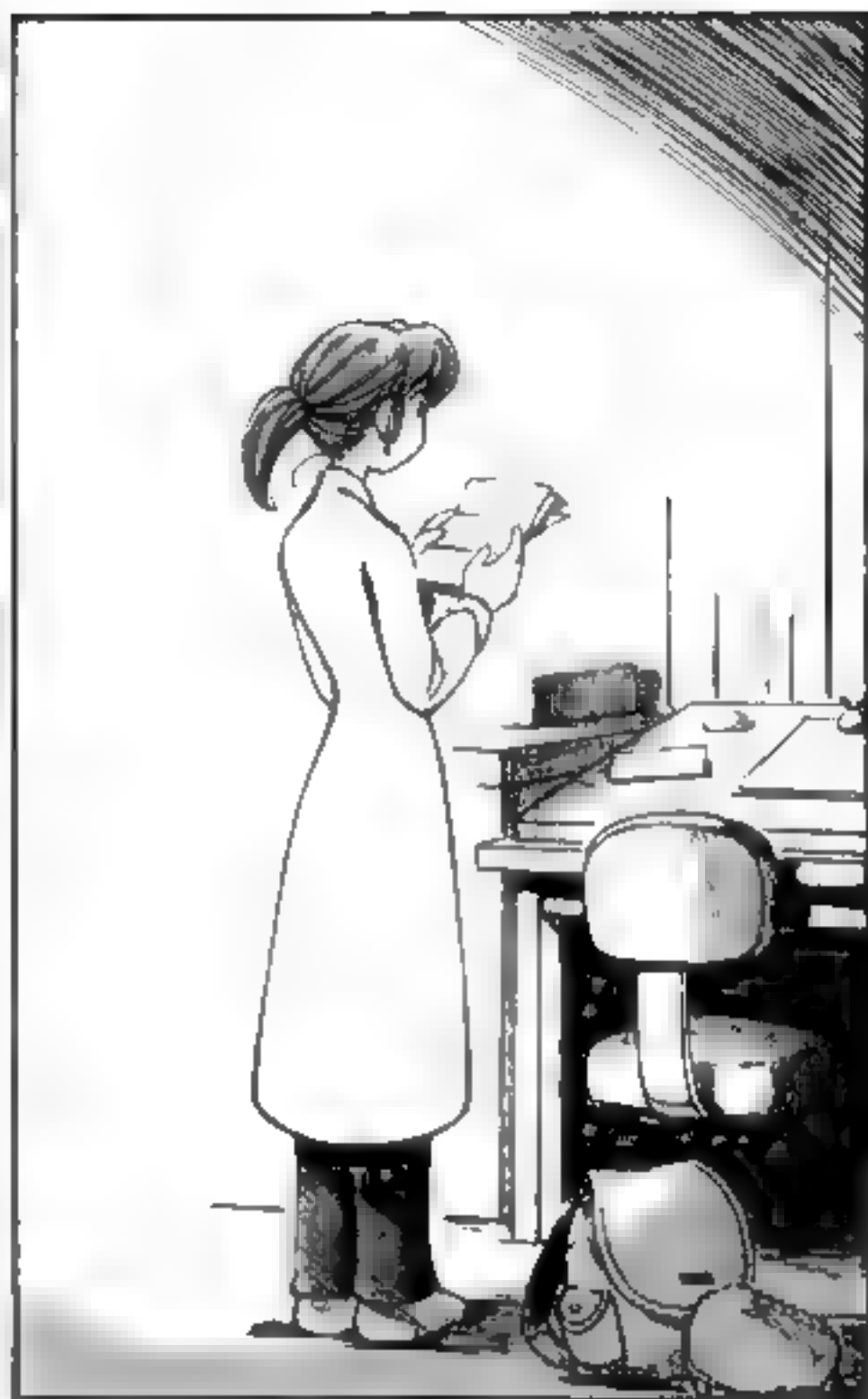


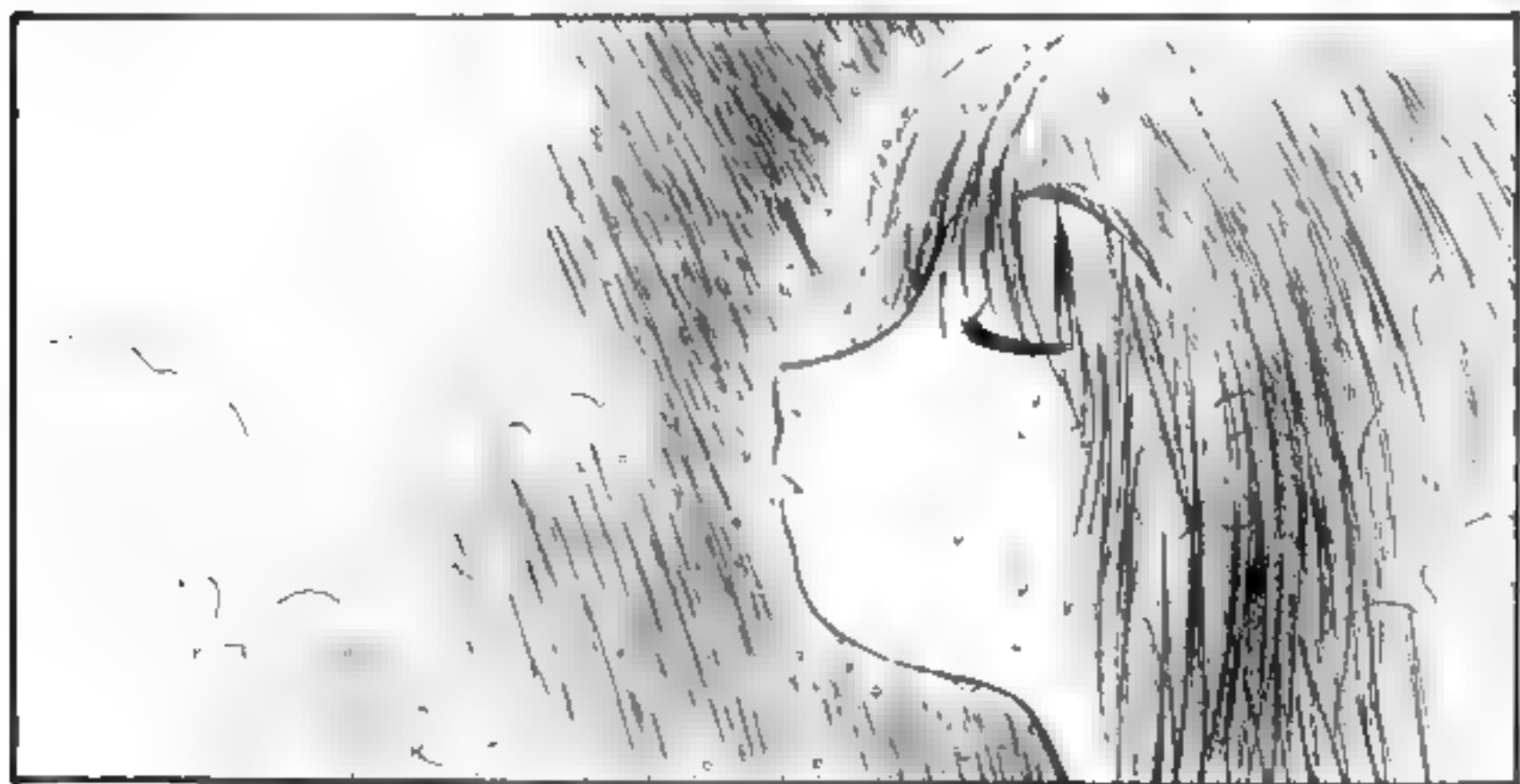
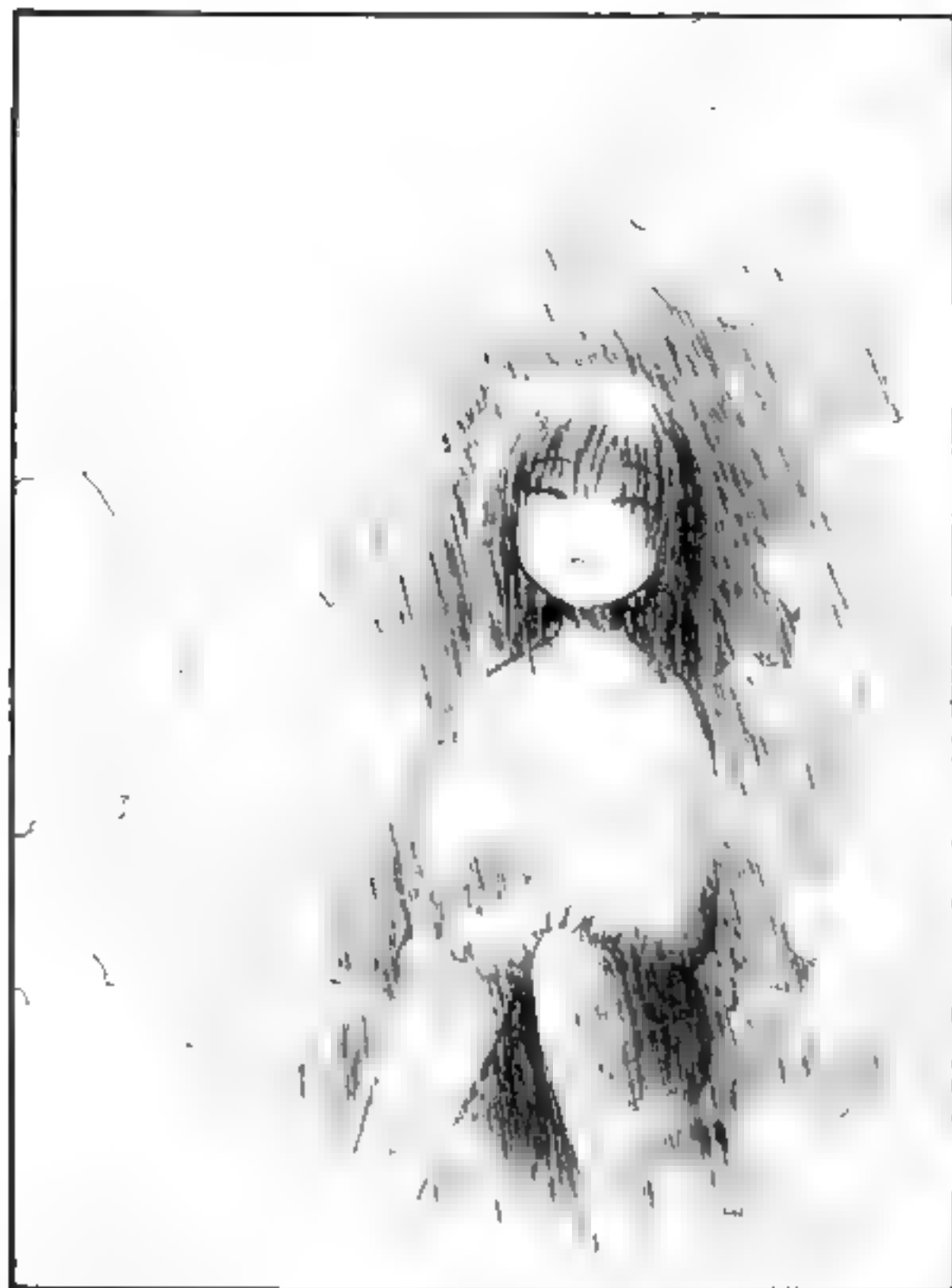


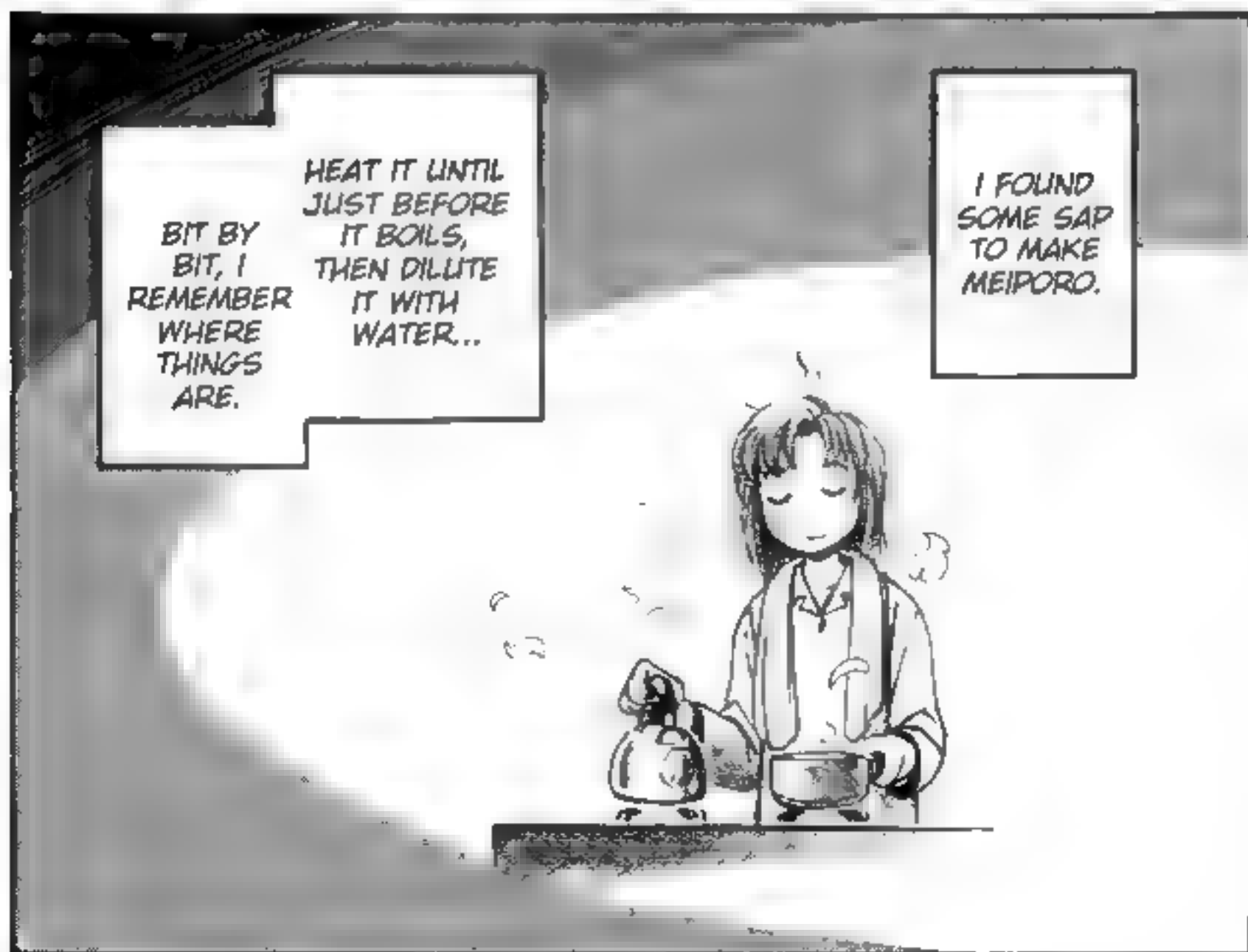




SEEMS LIKE  
KOKONE VISITED  
AT LEAST TWICE.







BIT BY  
BIT, I  
REMEMBER  
WHERE  
THINGS  
ARE.

HEAT IT UNTIL  
JUST BEFORE  
IT BOILS,  
THEN DILLUTE  
IT WITH  
WATER...

I FOUND  
SOME SAP  
TO MAKE  
MEIPORO.














IT FEELS AS IF  
I HAVEN'T SLEPT  
IN A YEAR.

I MELT INTO THE FUTON.



AND TOG-  
ETHER WITH  
THE FUTON,  
I MELT INTO  
THE EARTH.



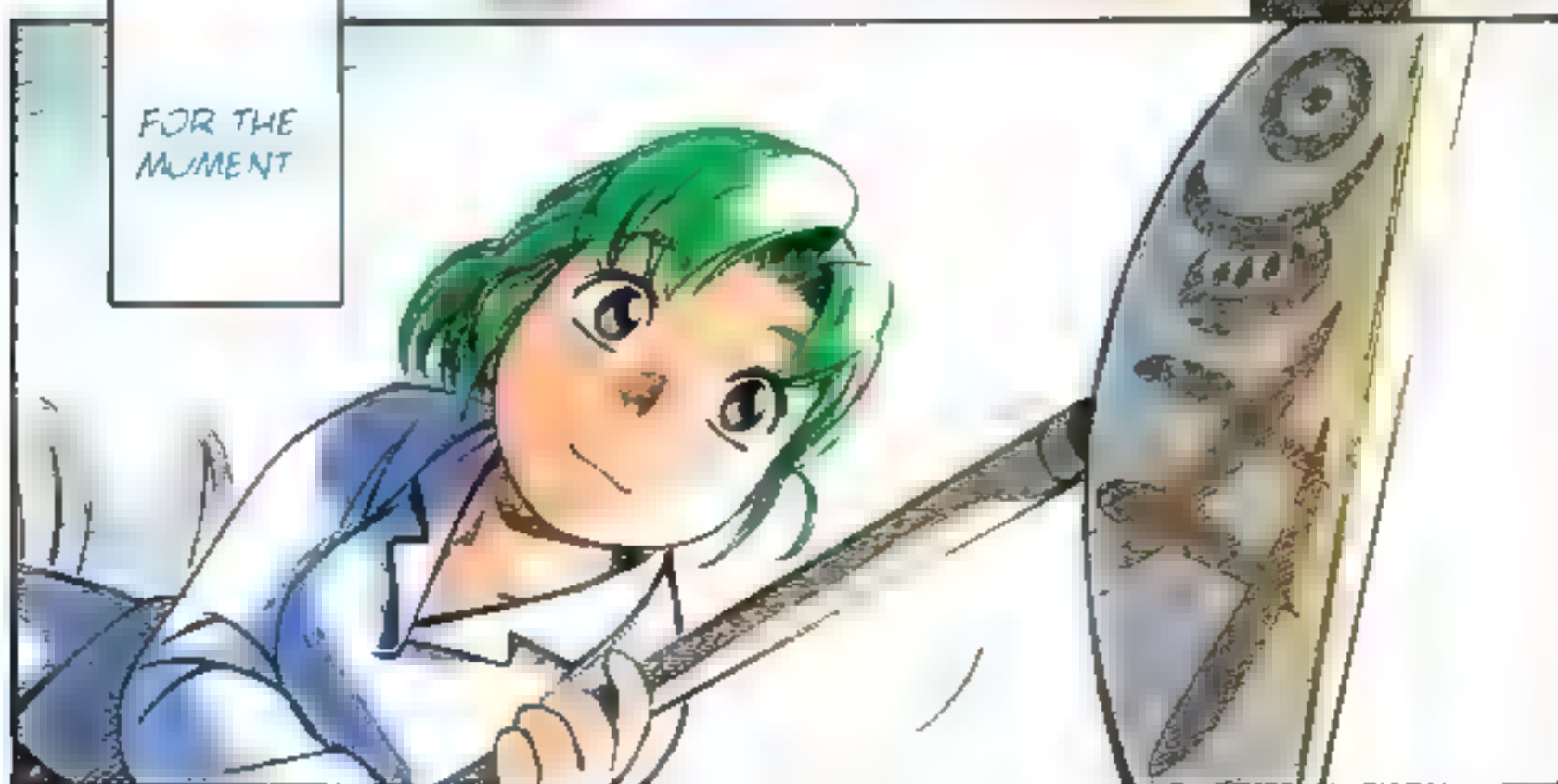
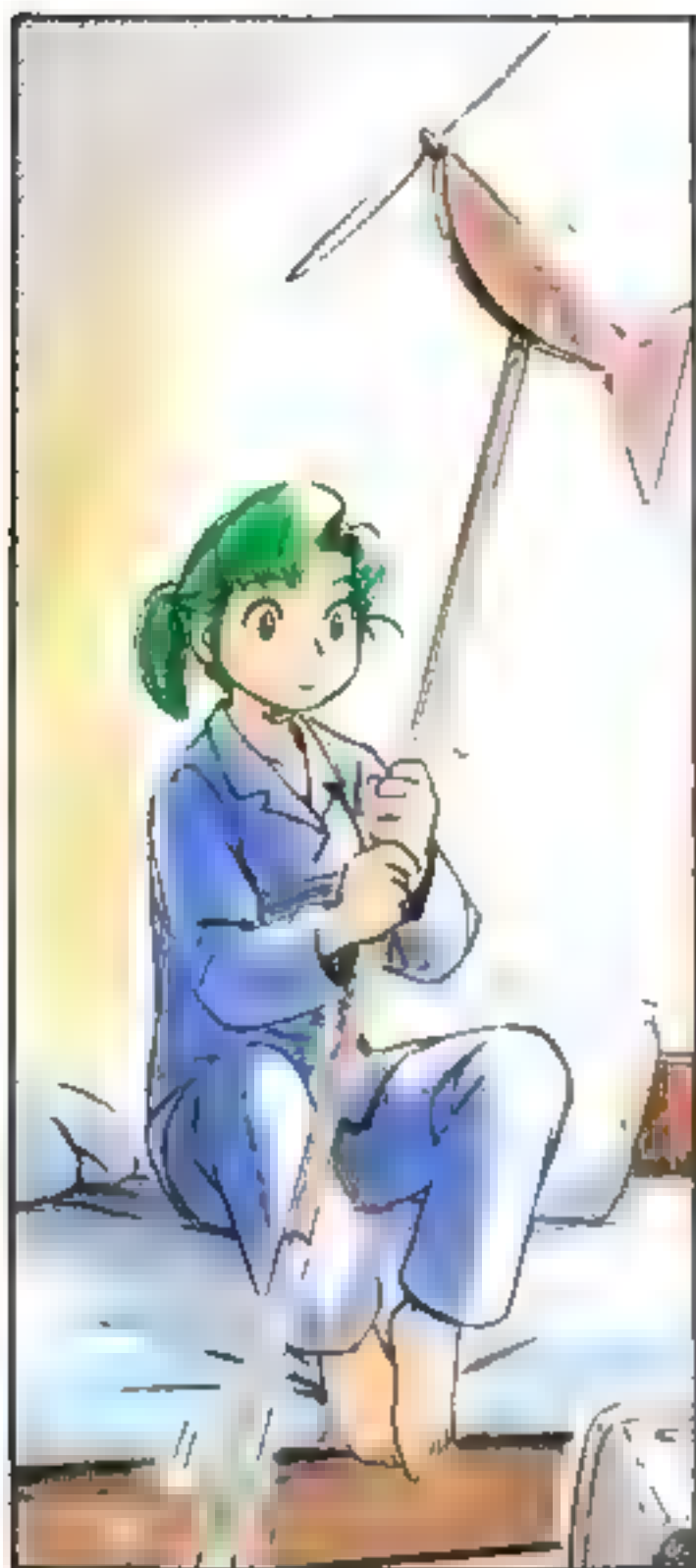




Story 30

Final Fantasy X-2

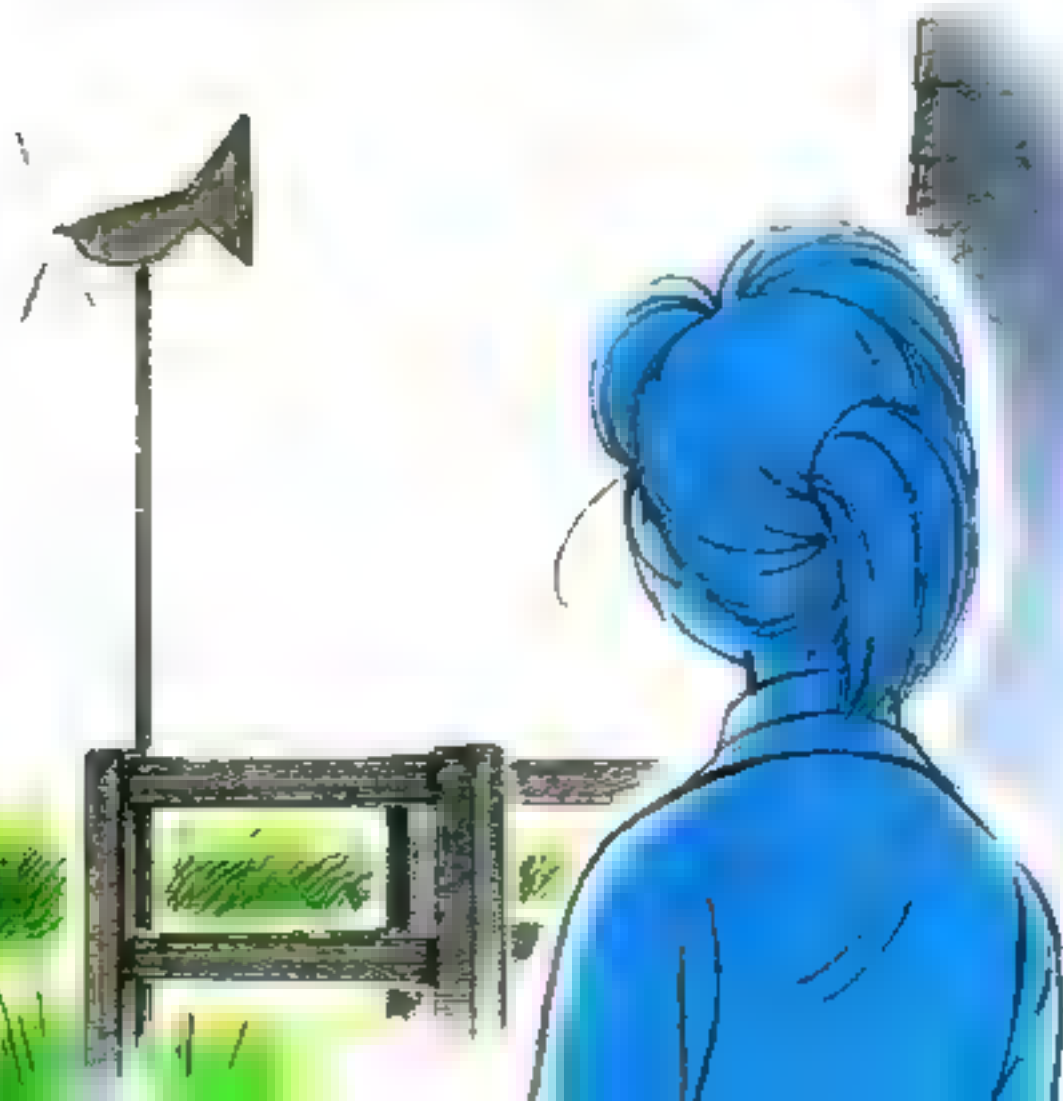
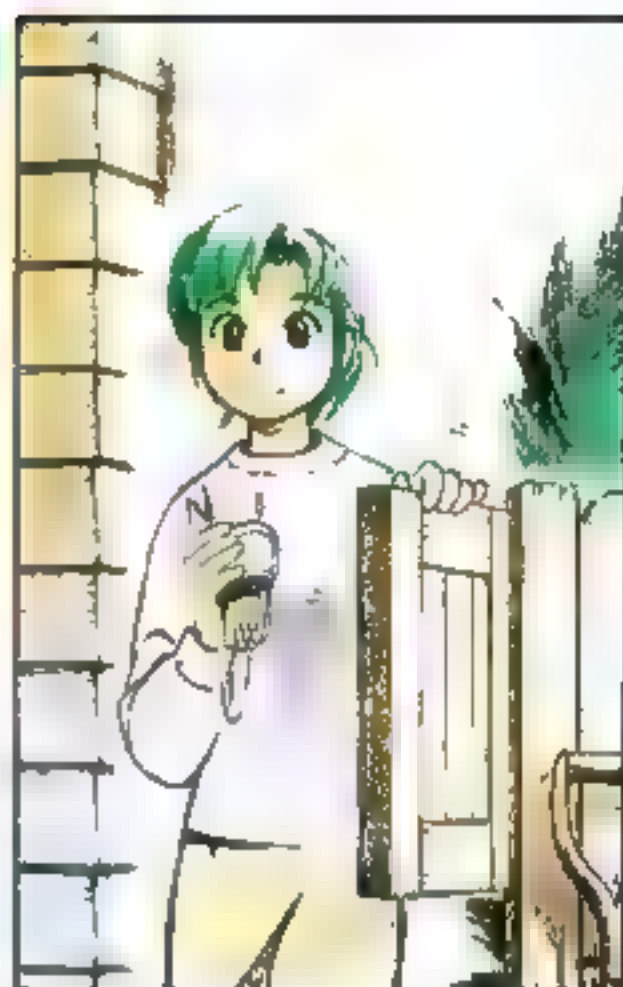


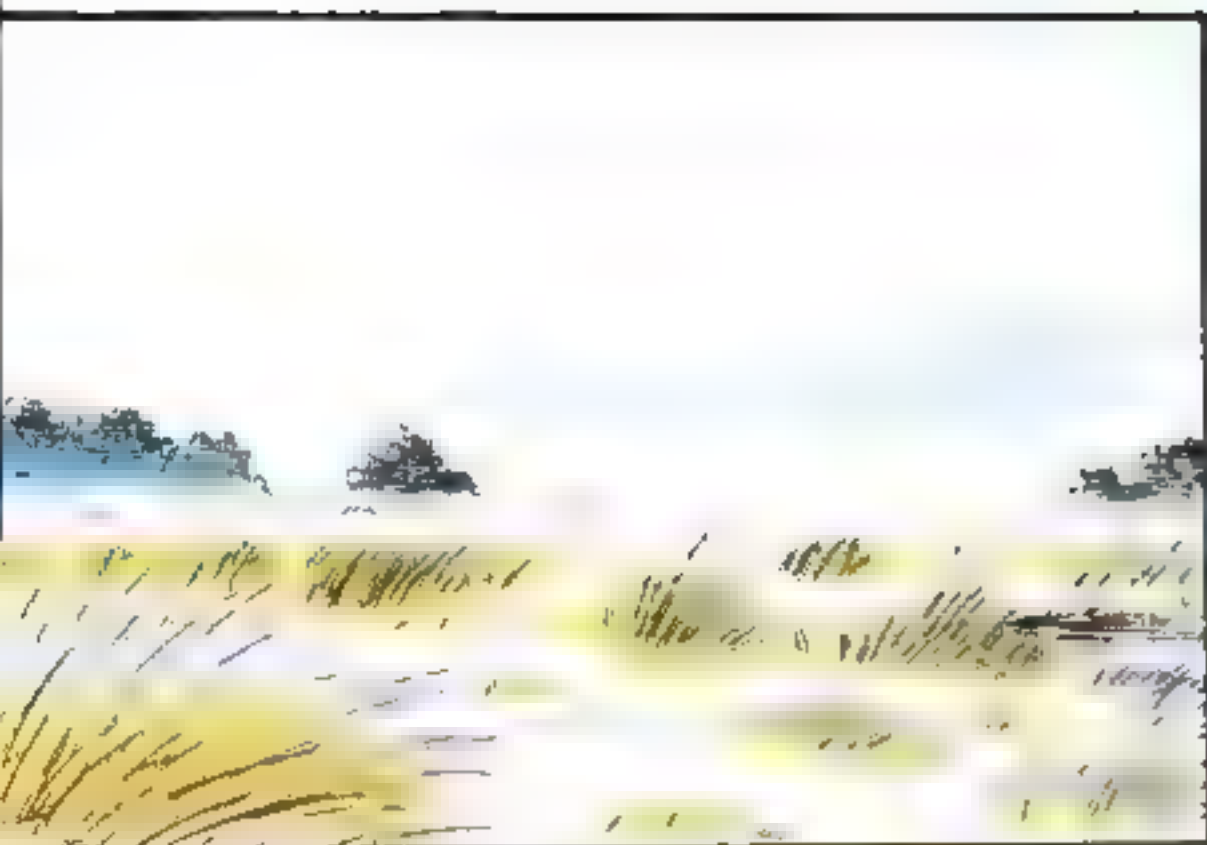


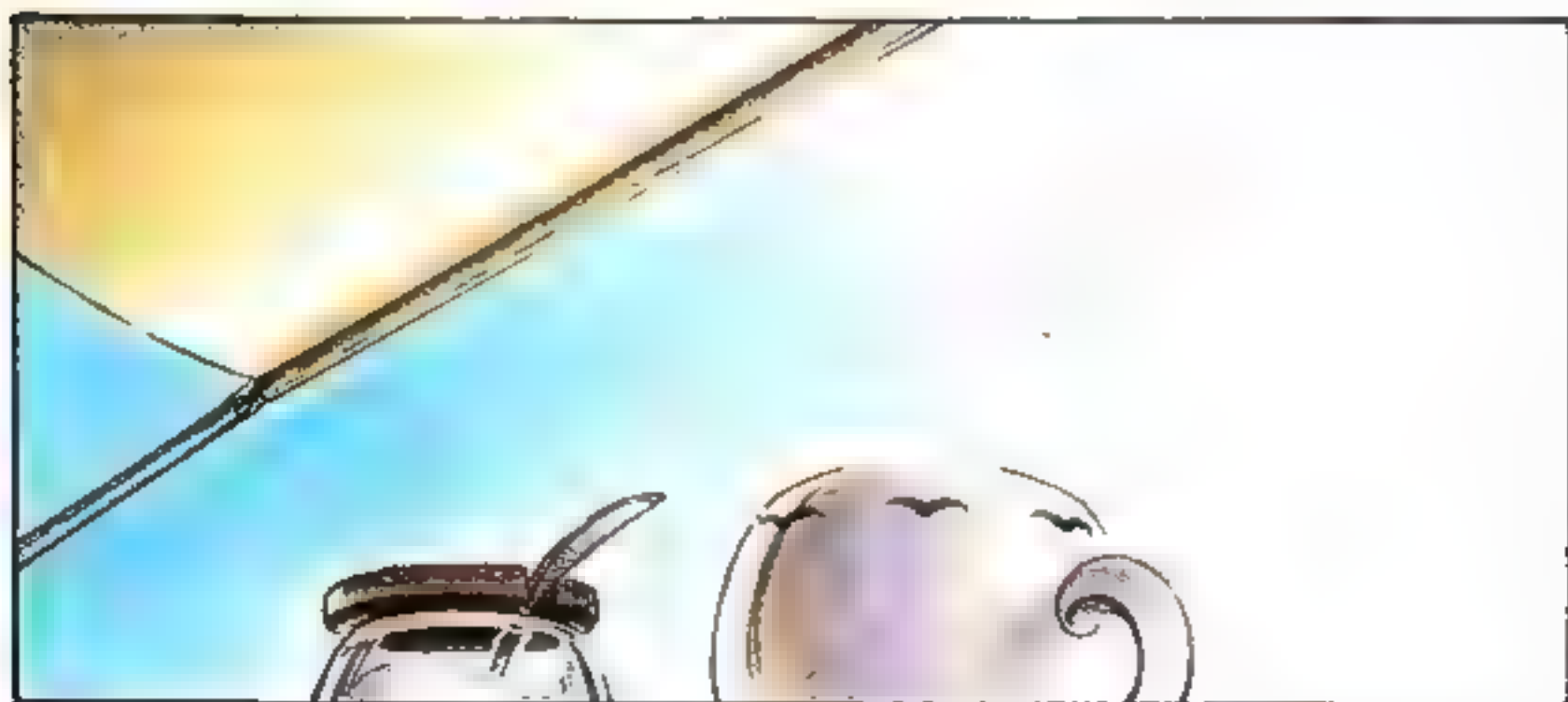
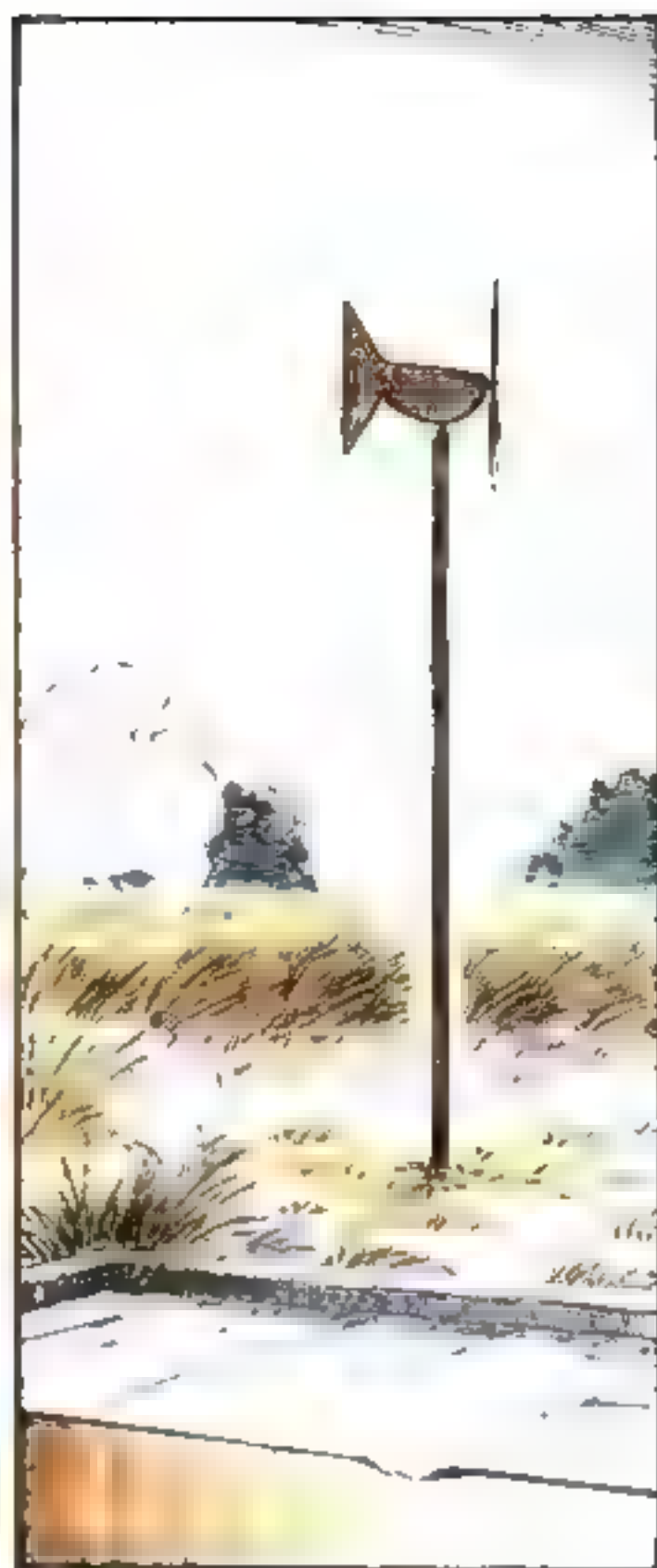
FOR THE  
MOMENT



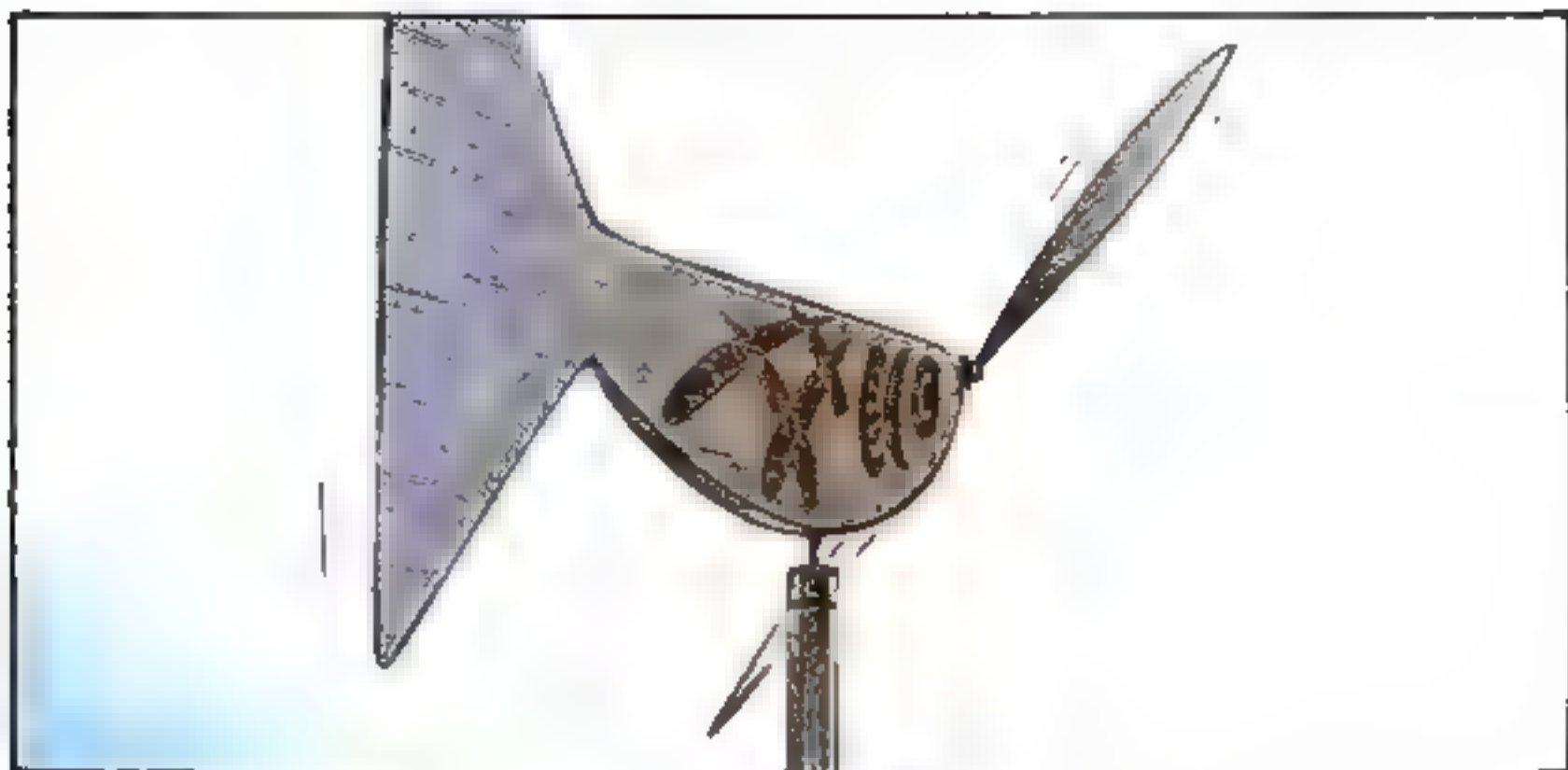










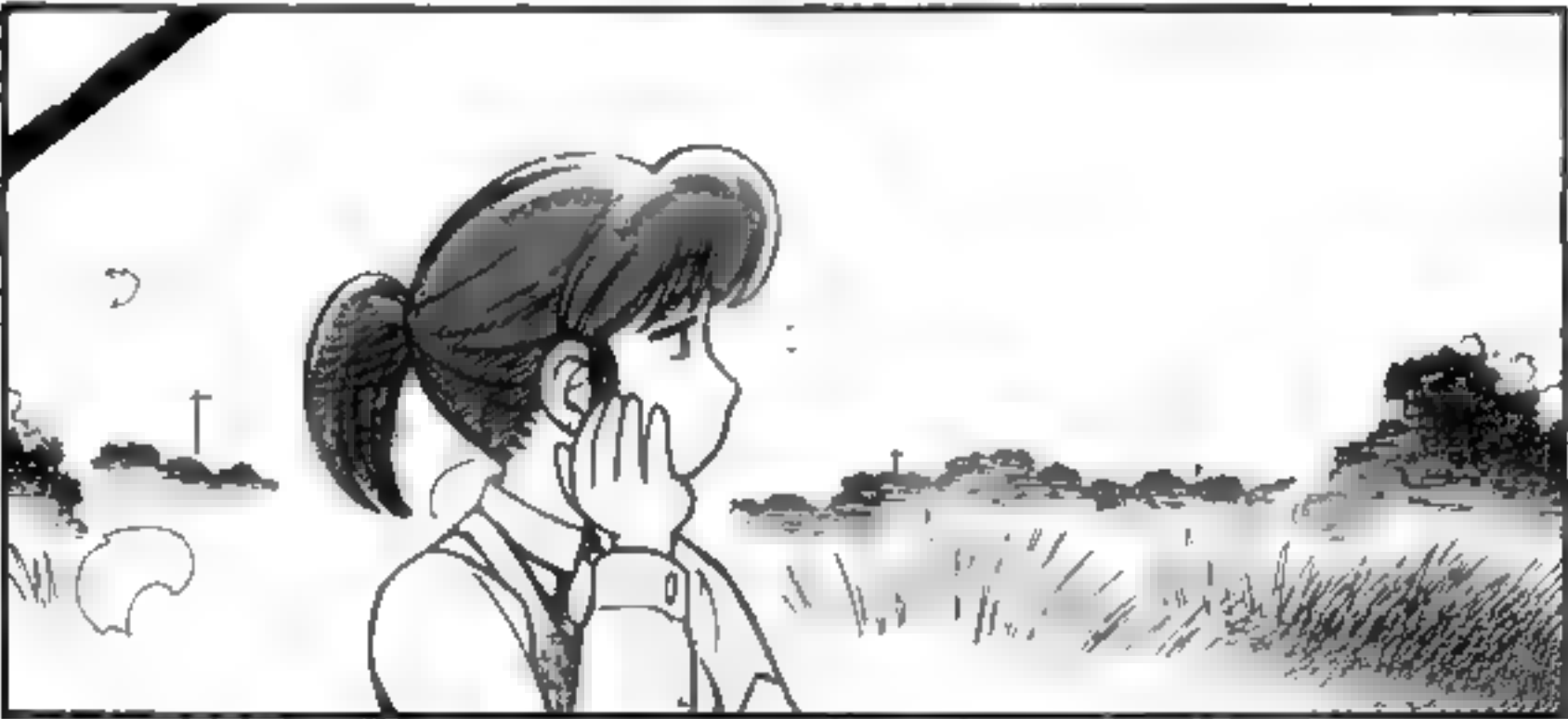




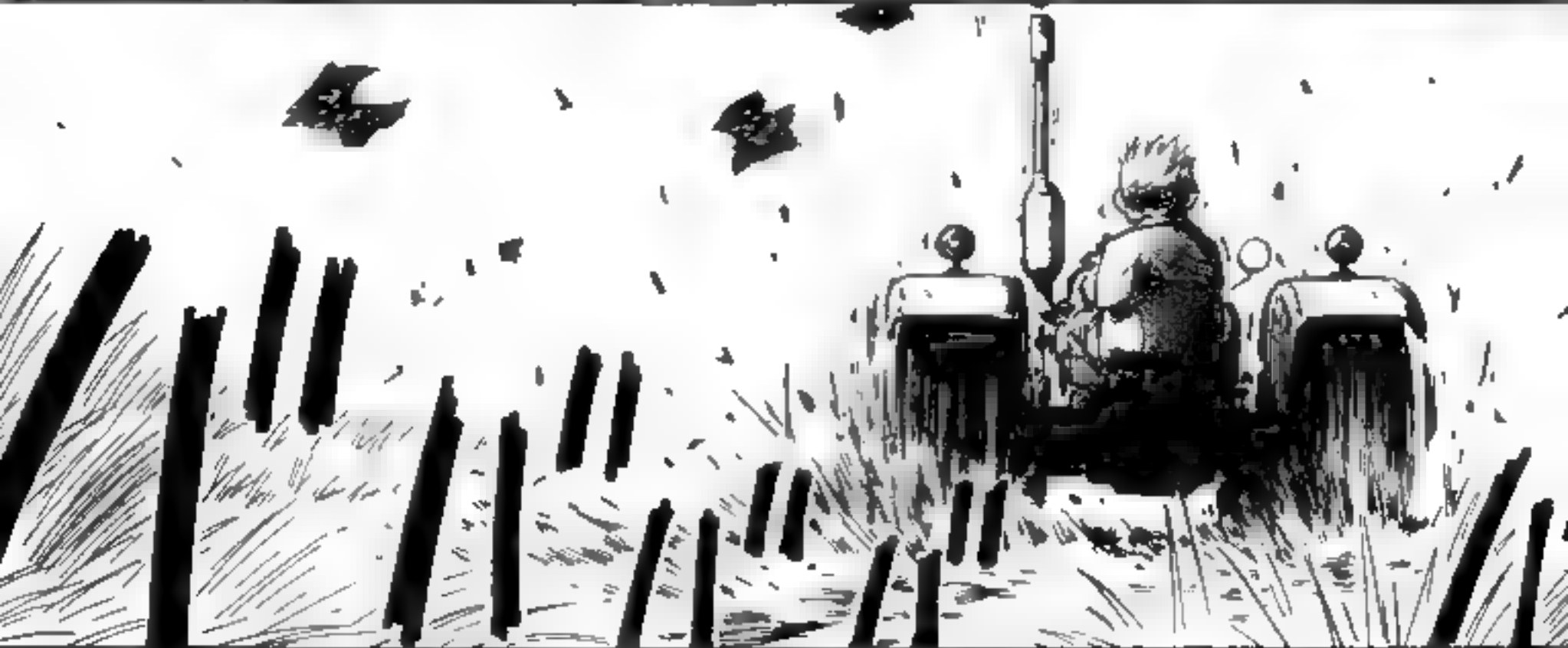
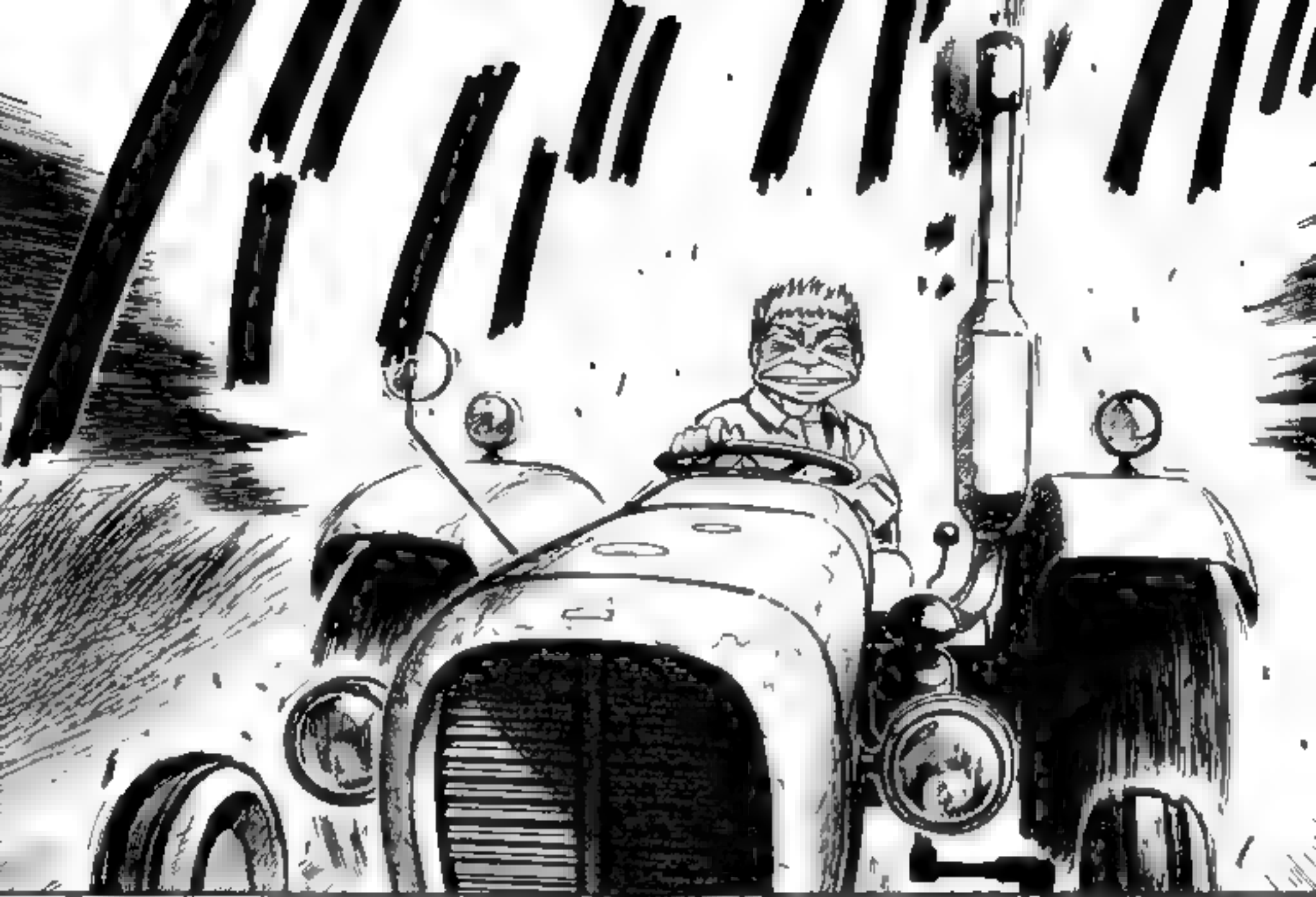
Story 31

One Year's Absence



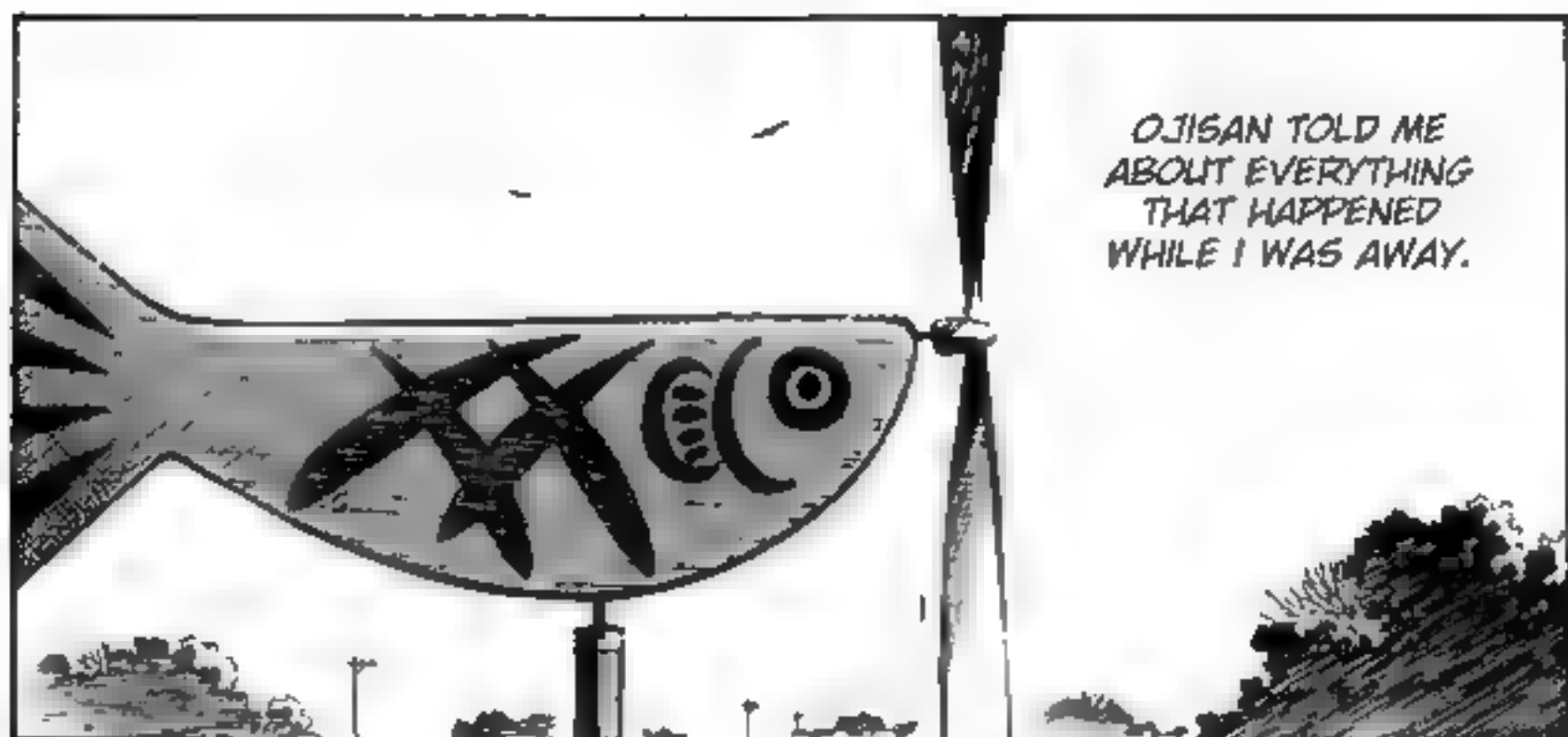












OJISAN TOLD ME  
ABOUT EVERYTHING  
THAT HAPPENED  
WHILE I WAS AWAY.



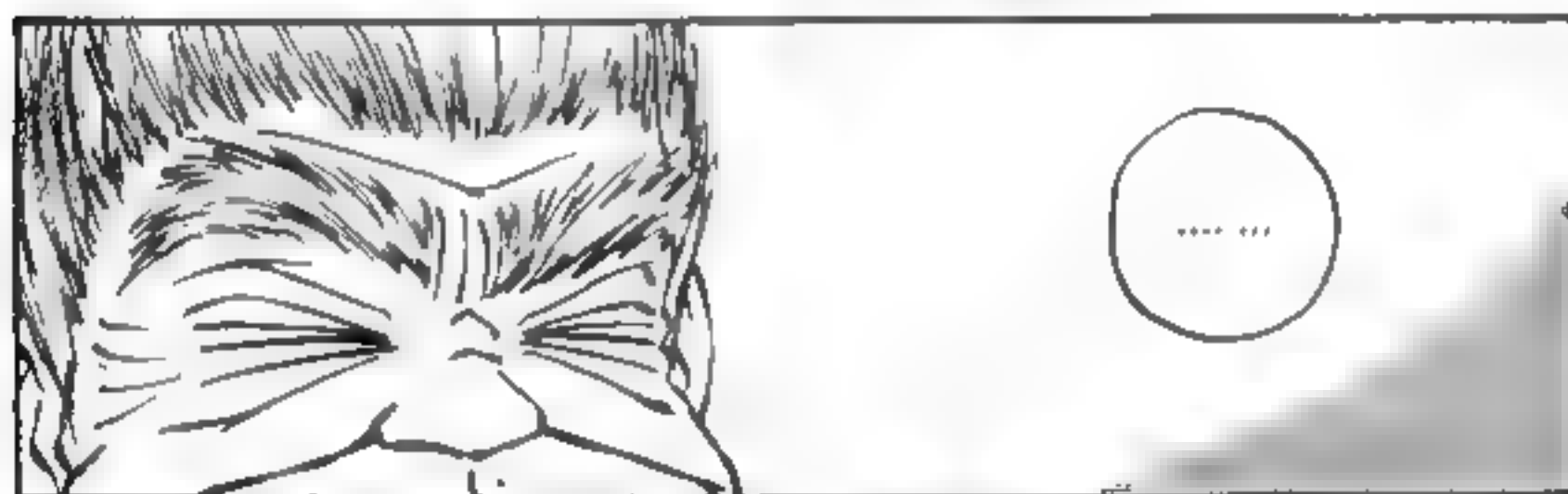
HOW KOKONE VISITED  
FOUR TIMES.  
HOW HE HURT HIS LEG  
AND COULDN'T WALK  
FOR A WHILE.



LIFE KEPT  
GOING WHILE  
I WAS AWAY.





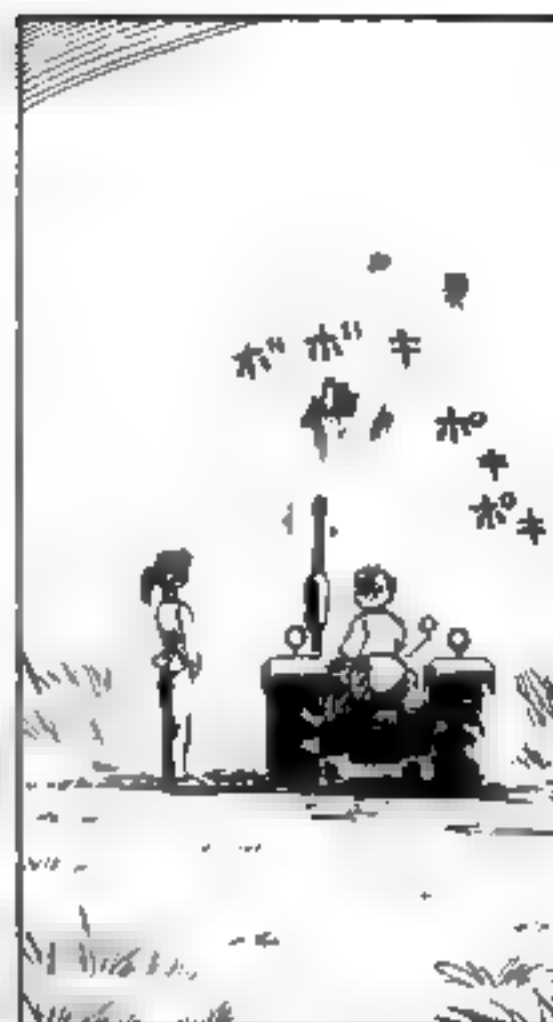


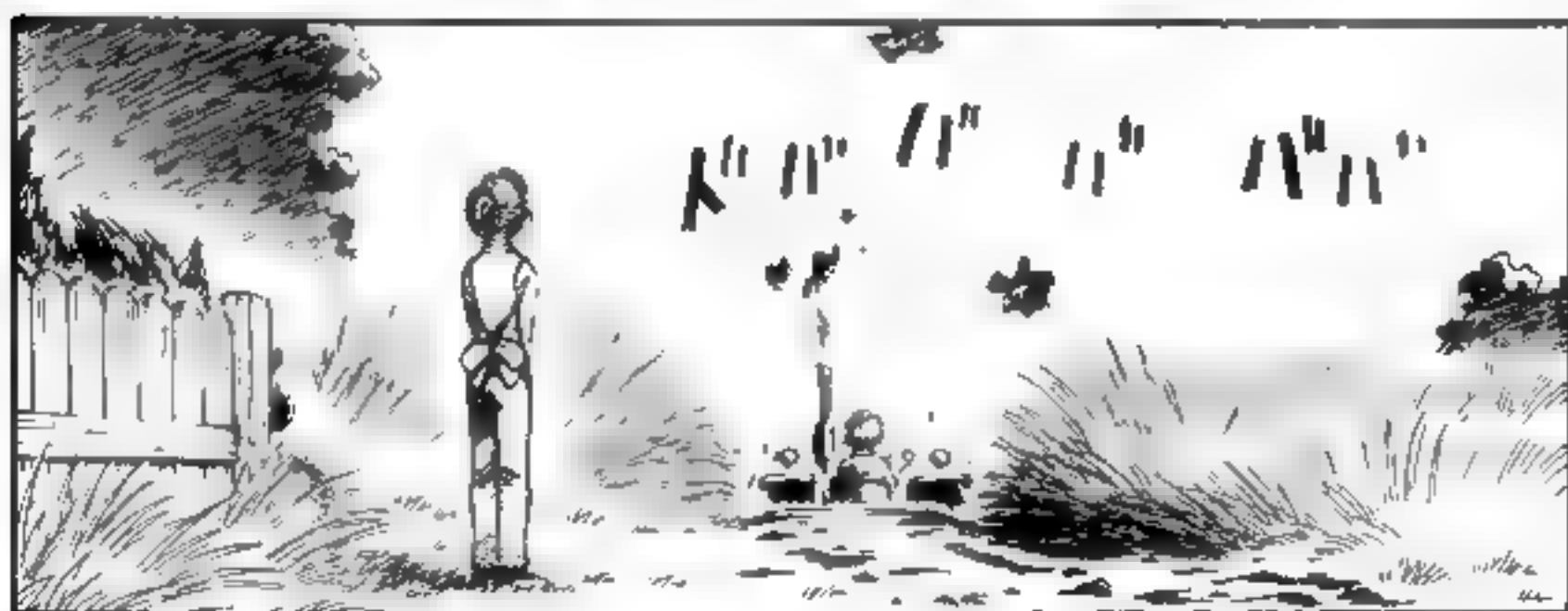


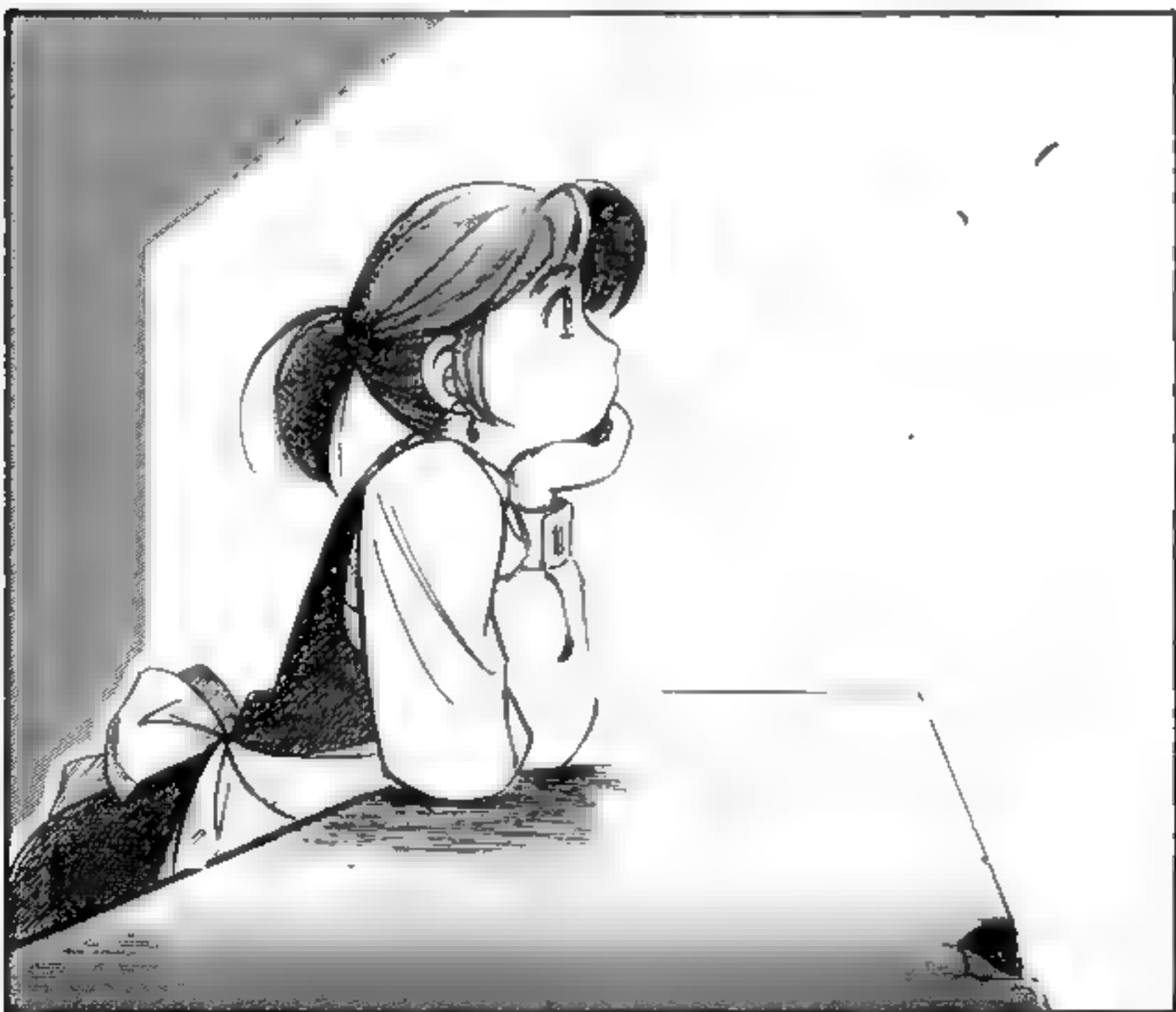














THE SUN HARDLY  
SEEMS TO MOVE.



IT'S STILL  
ONLY NOON.



AHH...

I HAVEN'T WALKED EVEN  
A SINGLE KILOMETER  
TODAY.



BIT BY BIT,  
THE LAST YEAR  
RECEDES INTO  
THE PAST.

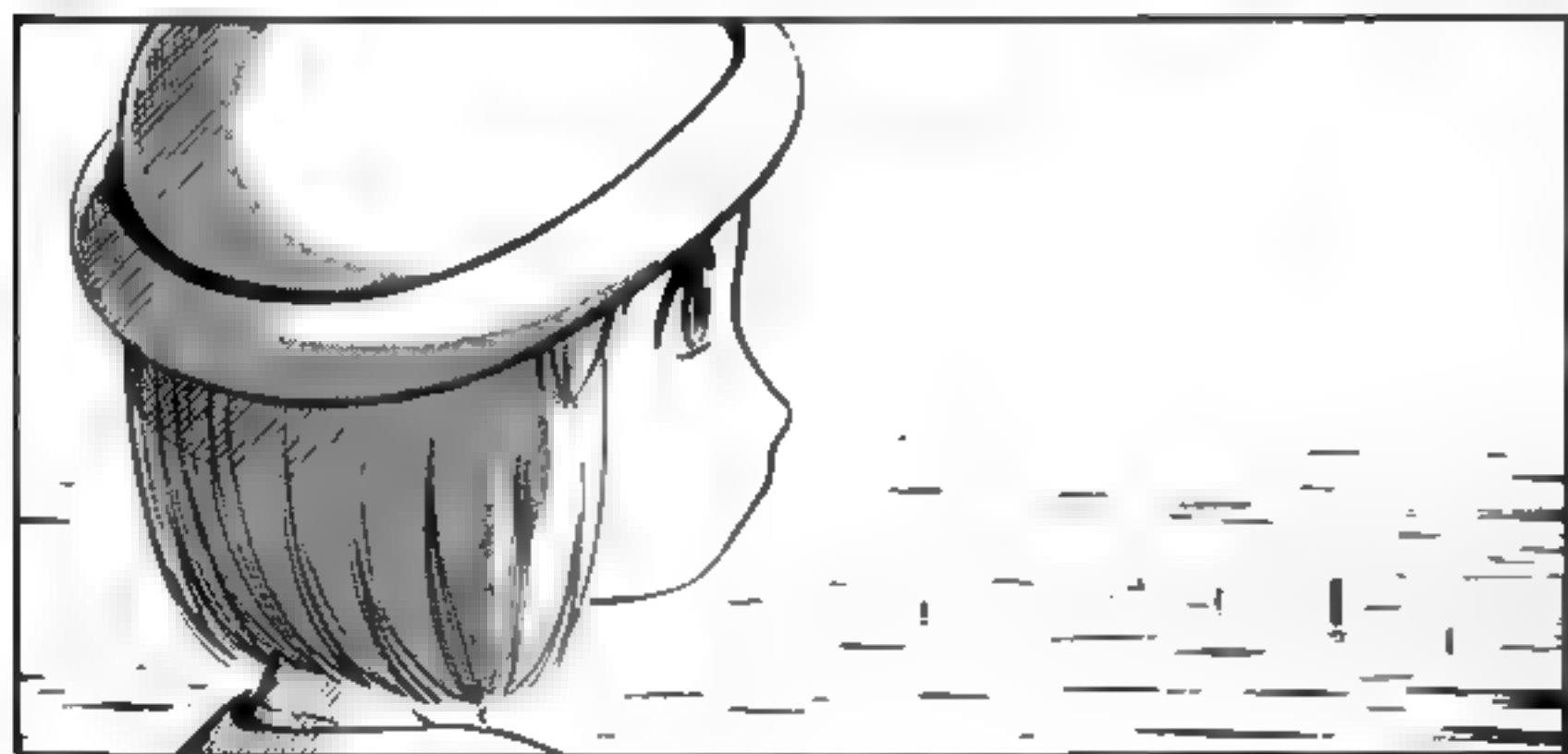


FOR THE FIRST  
TIME SINCE I  
WAS BORN,  
I FEEL AS THOUGH  
I'VE GROWN A  
YEAR OLDER.

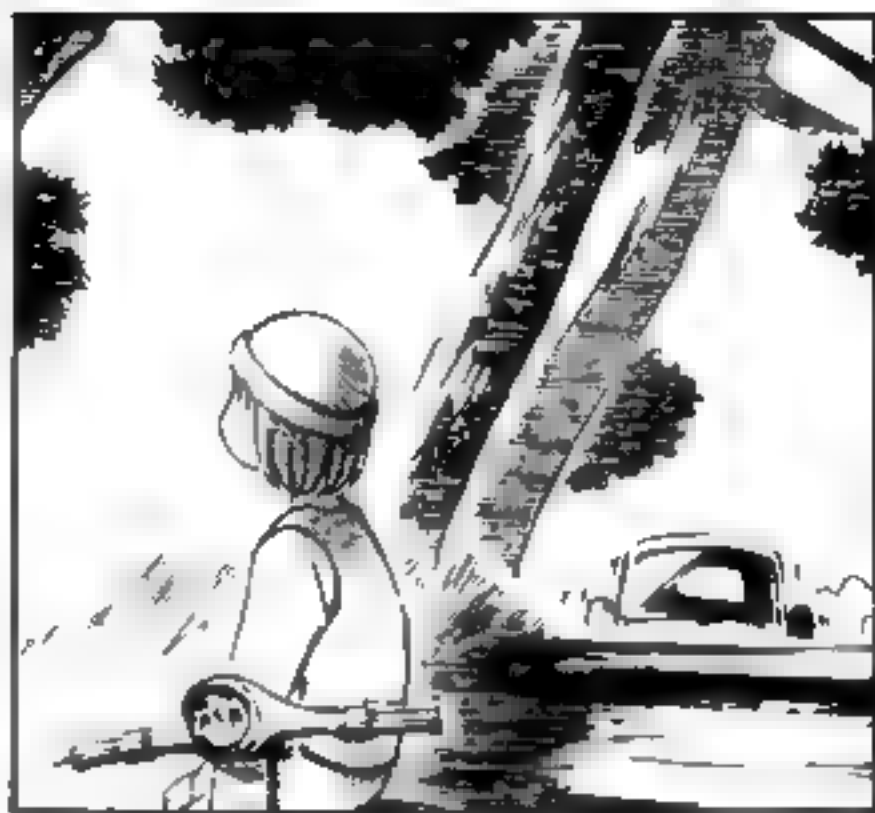


Story 82

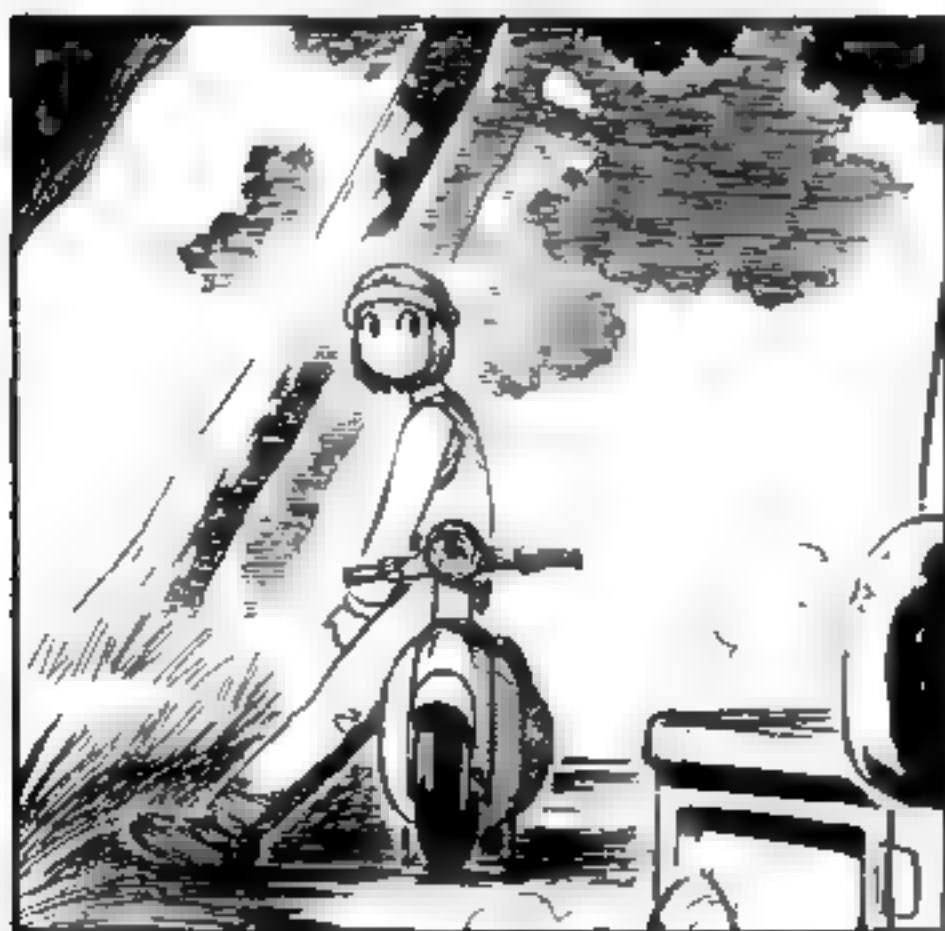
Kurumatsu Road

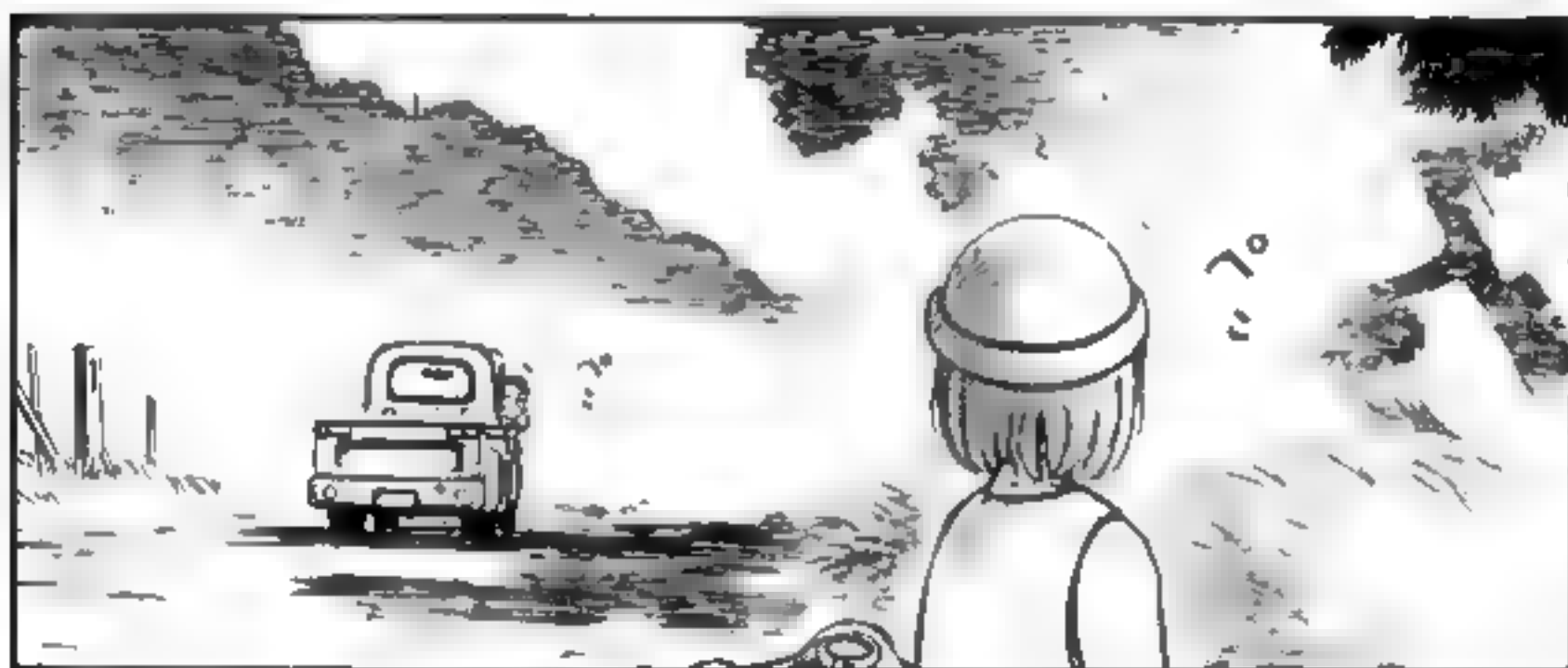






SFX: <SCREEECH>







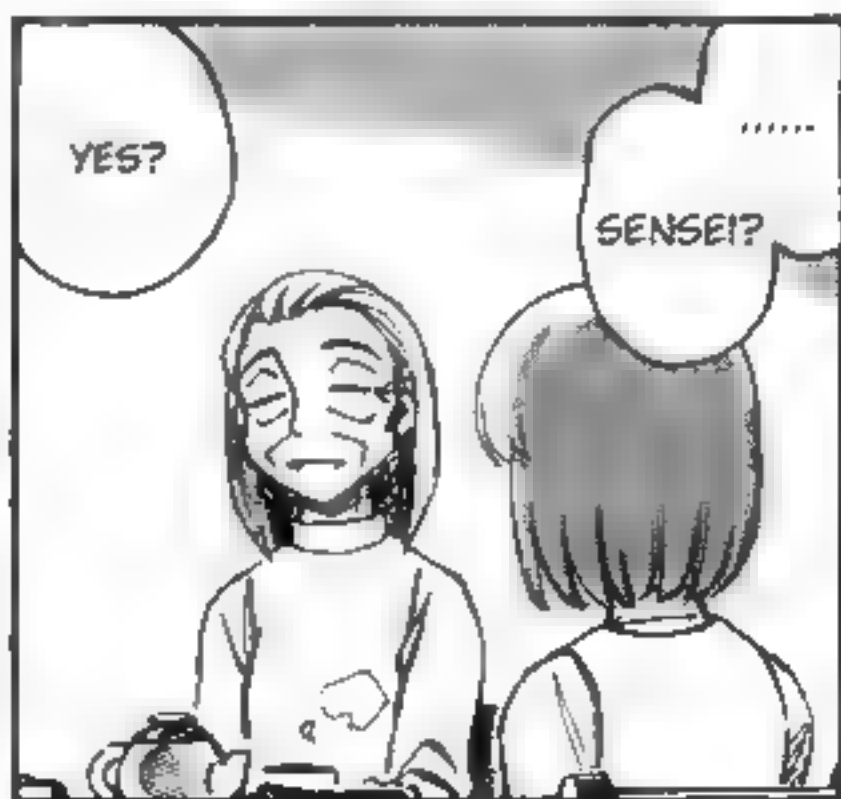
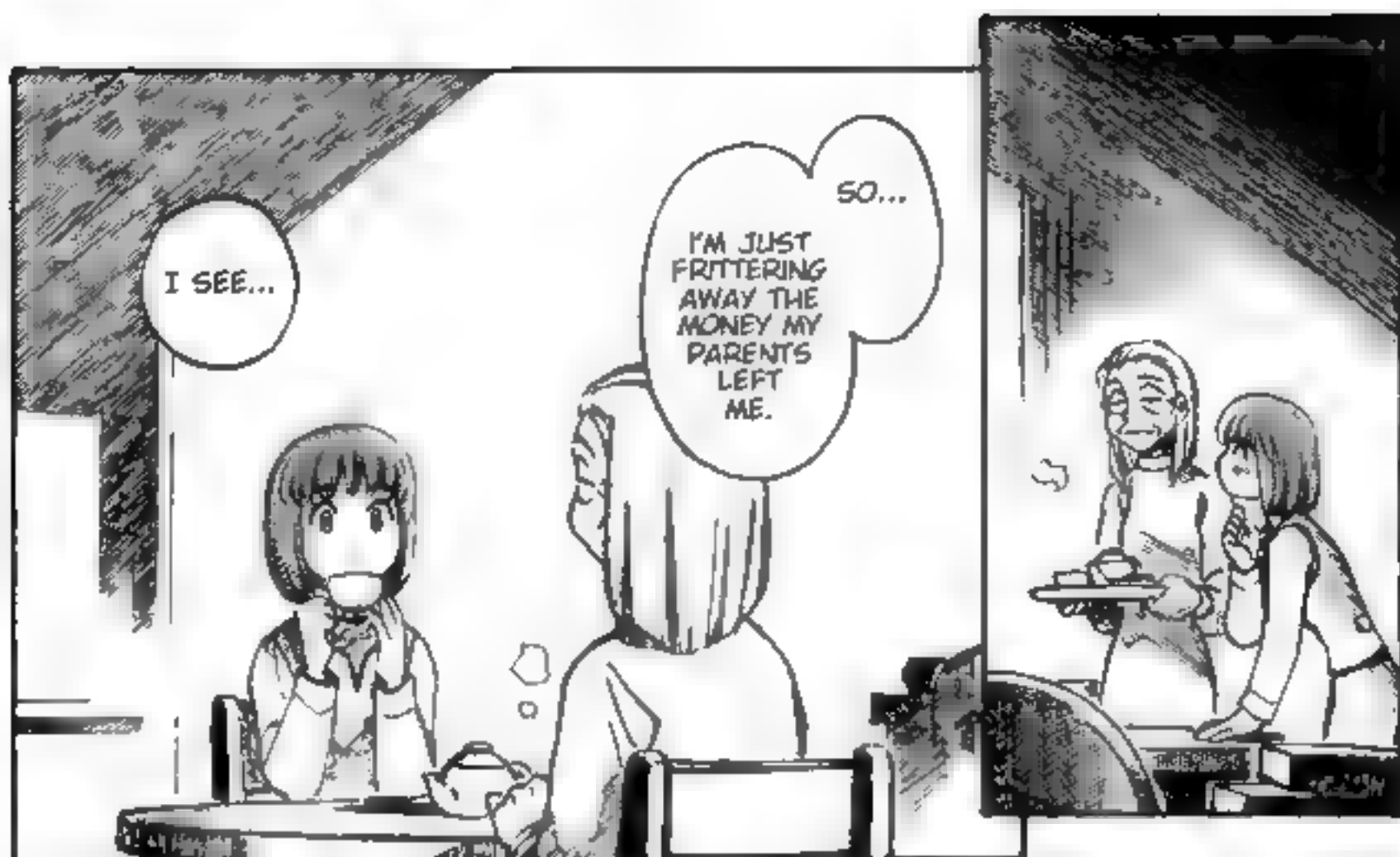




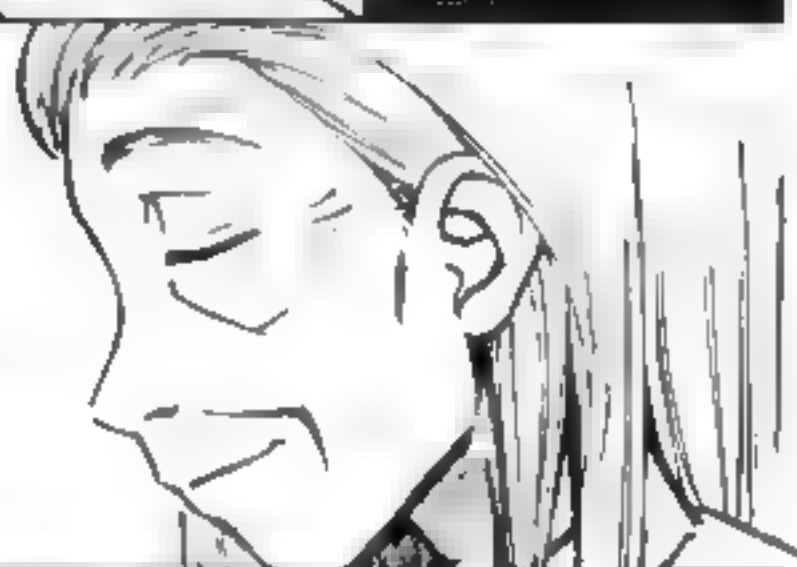
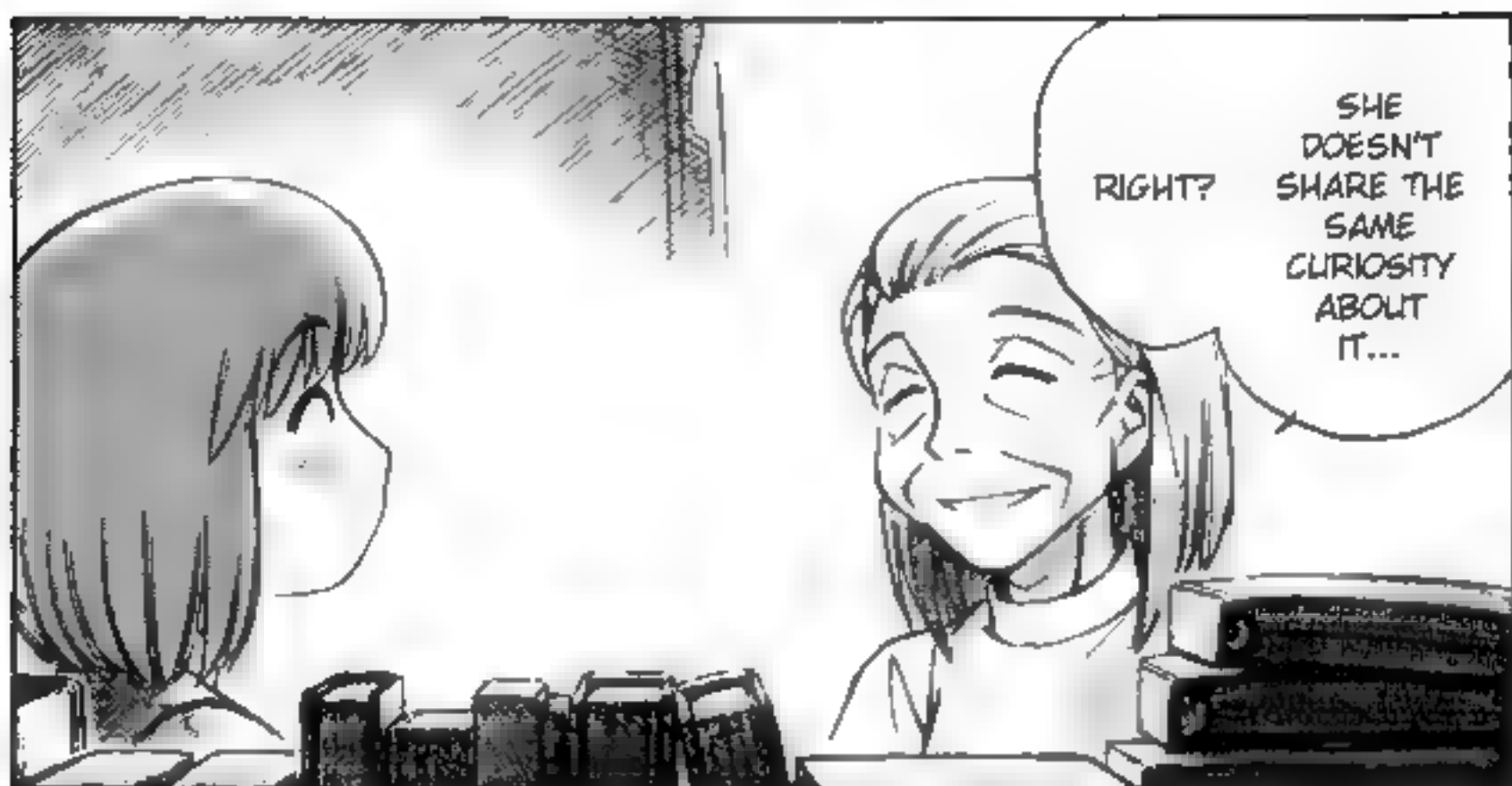






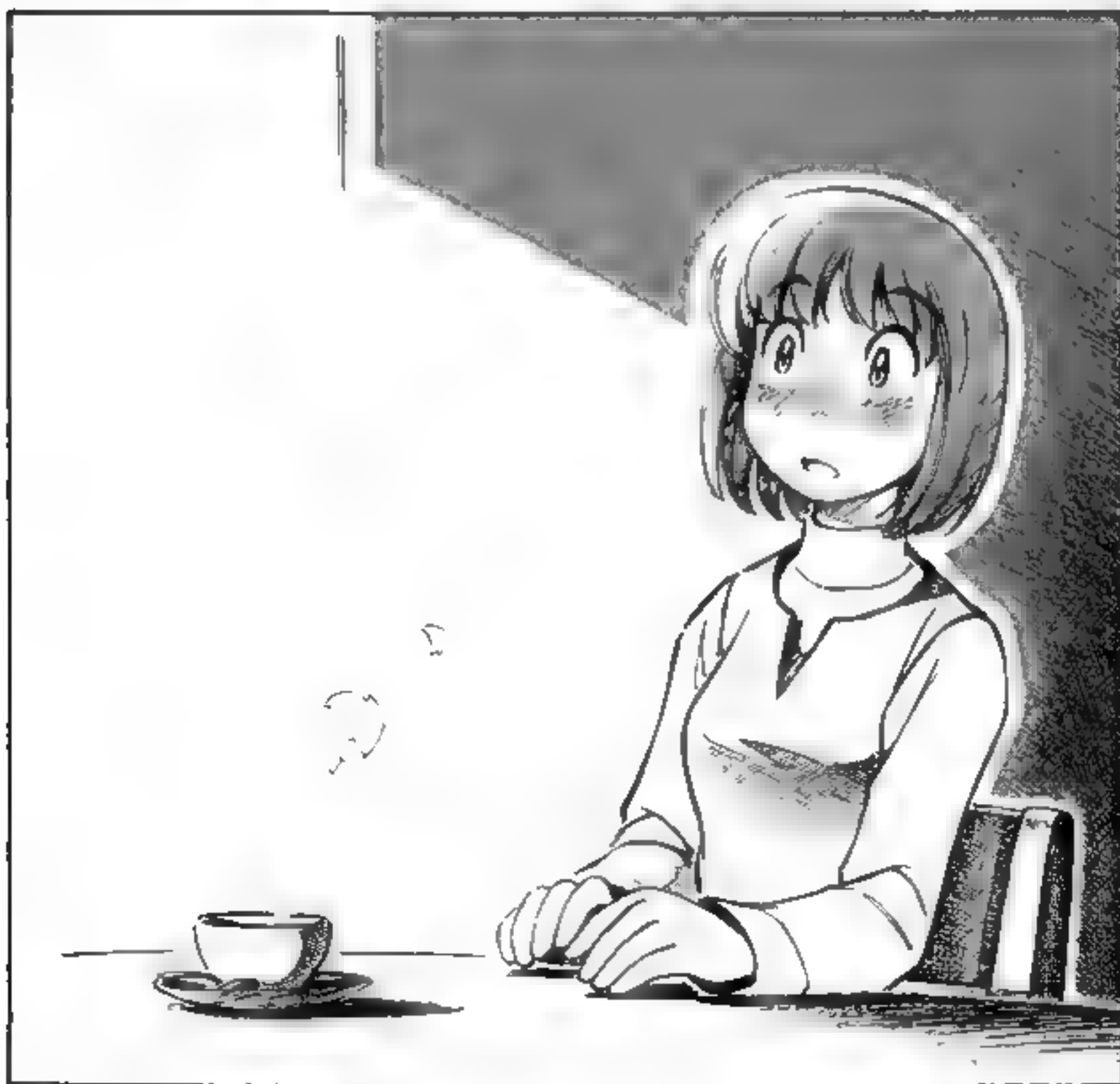








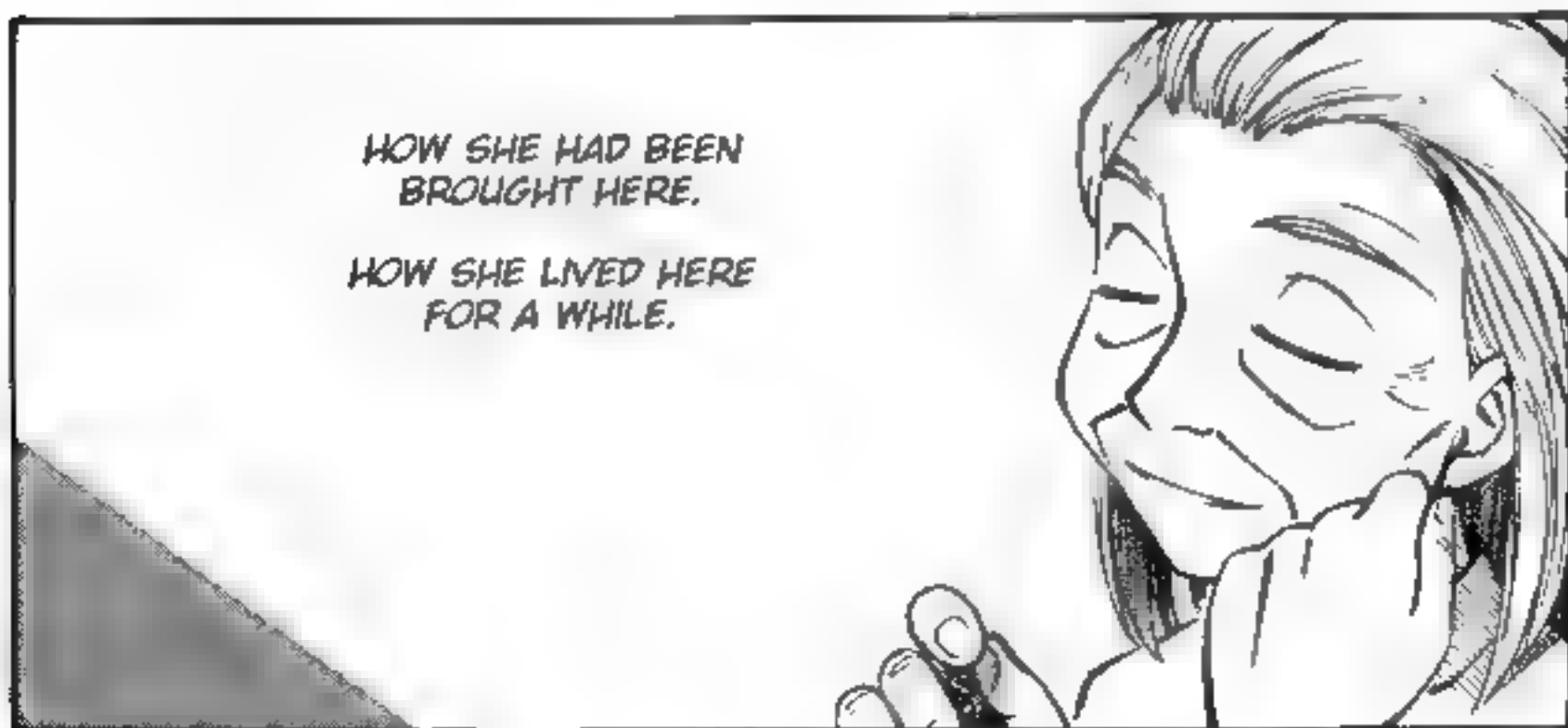
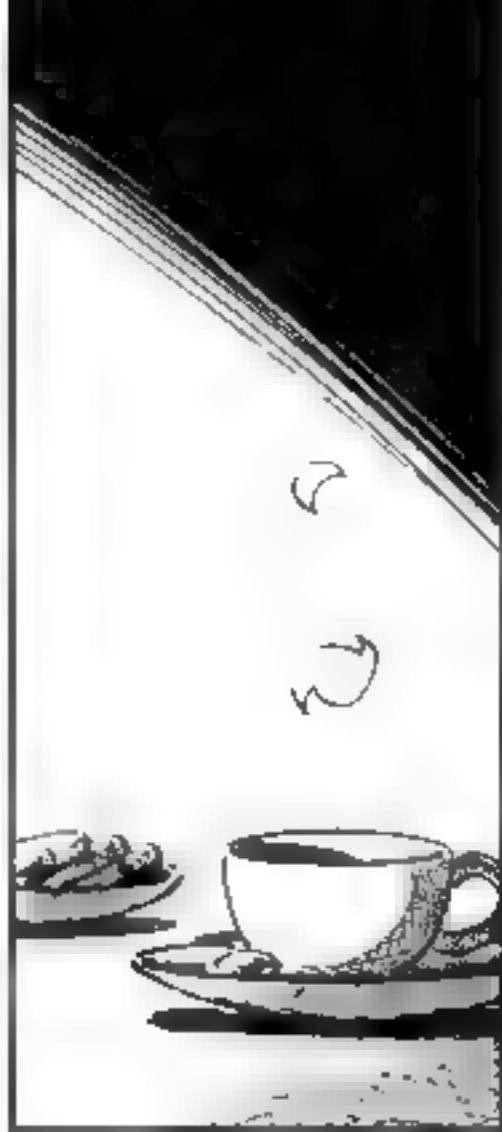
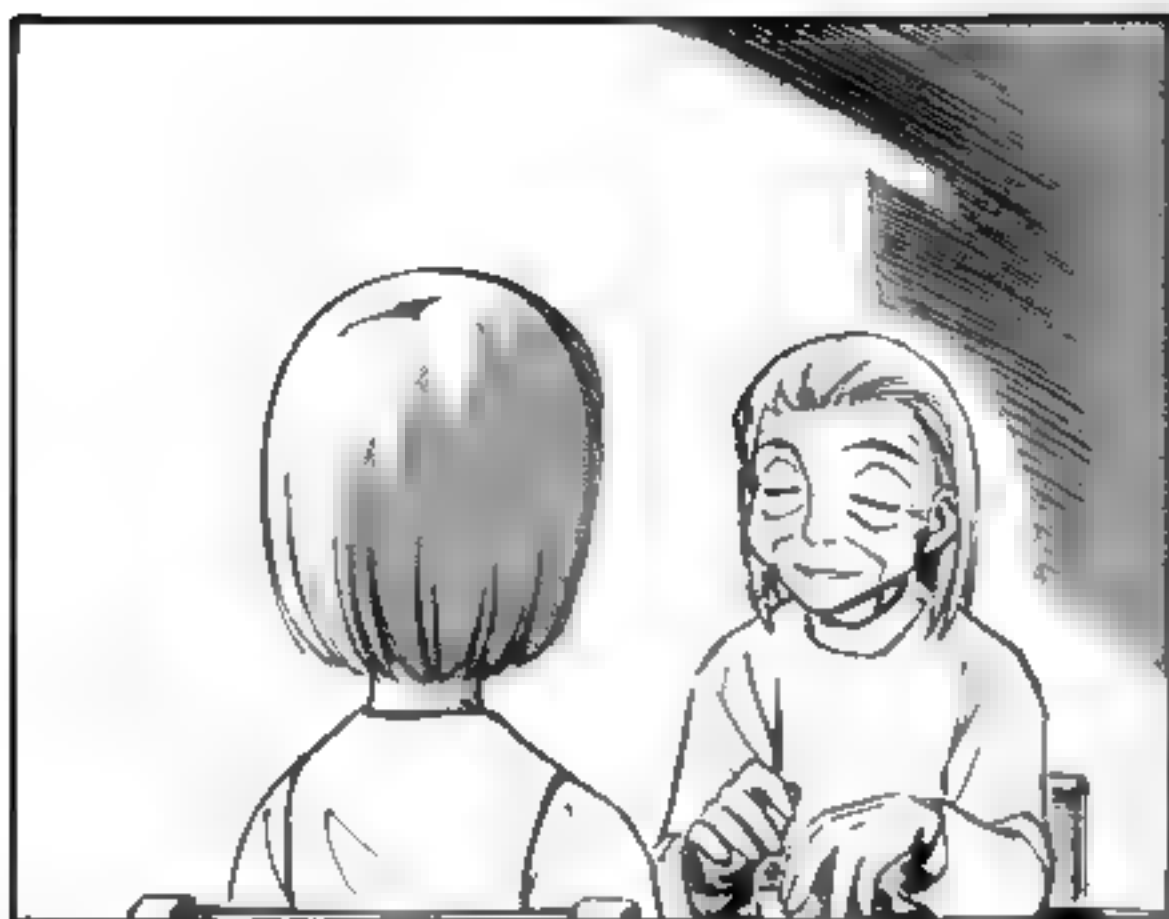




Story 83

Blue Sound





AS I LISTENED  
TO SENSEI'S  
WARM VOICE,  
ALL THE INFORM-  
ATION I HAD  
ACCUMULATED  
UNTIL NOW  
SEEMED  
MEANINGLESS.

HOW SHE  
LOVED THE  
COLOR BLUE.  
HOW SHE  
HATED  
WEARING  
CLOTHES.

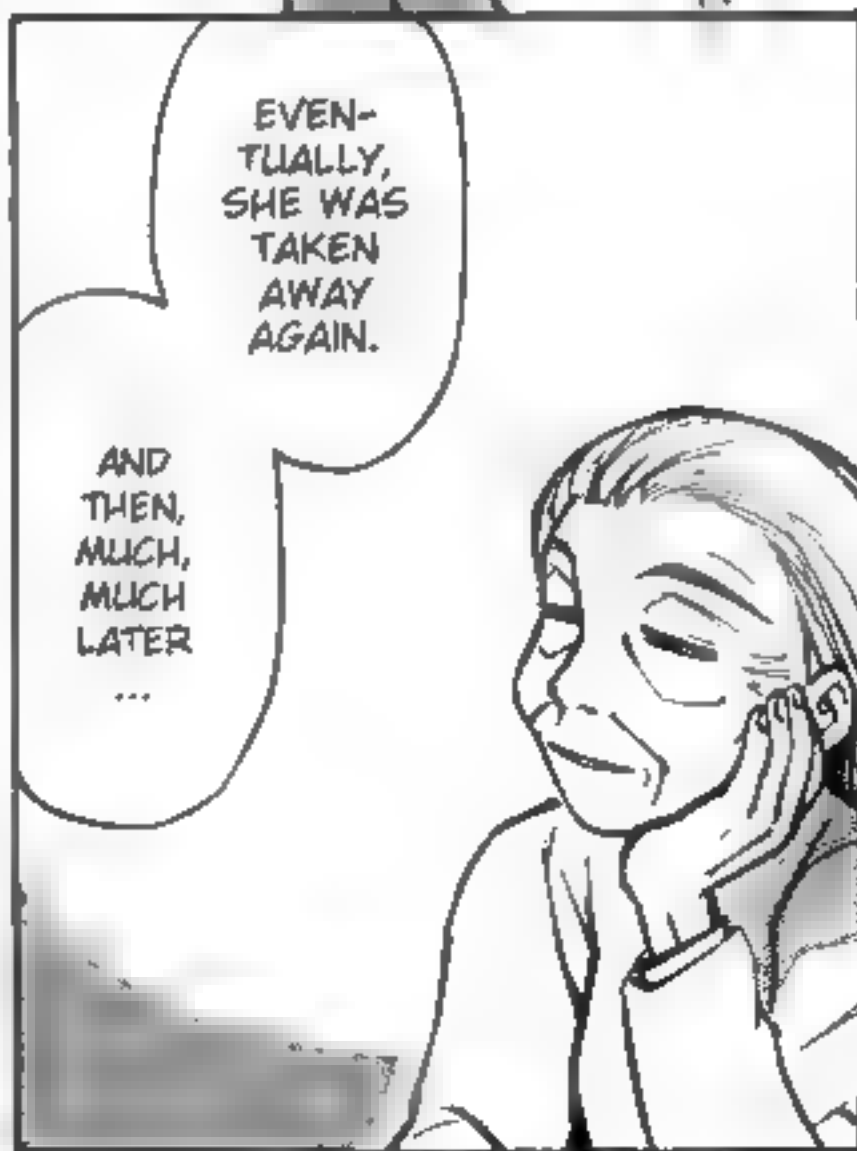
HOW SHE TOLD  
HER FIRST JOKE,  
WHEN SHE COULD  
STILL HARDLY  
BLINK AN EYE.



I  
SEE...

THAT  
WAS THE  
ALPHA  
YOU  
KNOW.

I FOUND  
OUT THAT  
THERE WAS  
ANOTHER  
ROBOT  
LIVING  
NEARBY.



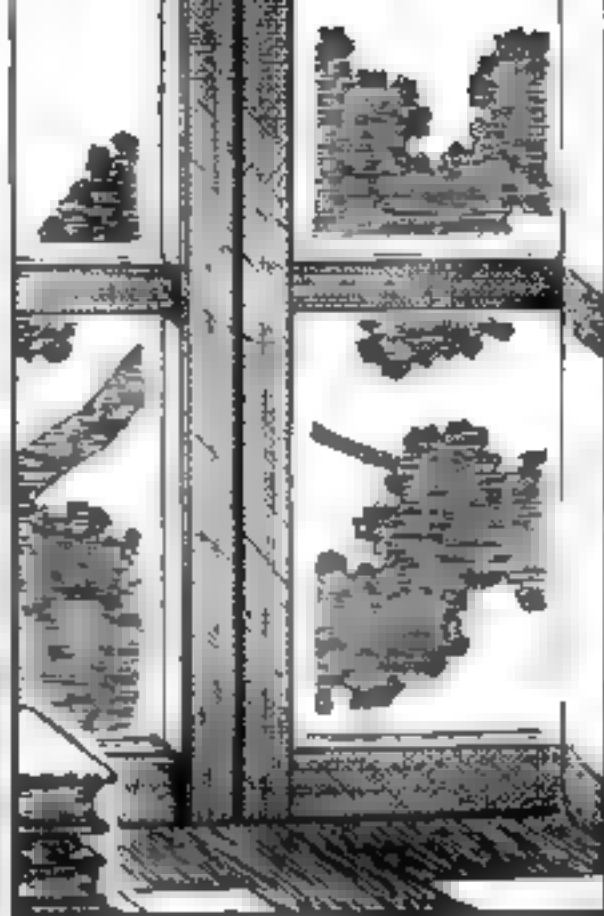
EVEN-  
TUAL-  
LY,  
SHE WAS  
TAKEN  
AWAY  
AGAIN.

AND  
THEN,  
MUCH,  
MUCH  
LATER  
...





THERE'S STILL  
A LITTLE TIME  
BEFORE ALPHA  
WILL BE HERE.



THE  
ASS,  
THE  
ASS...

...I  
REALLY  
DON'T  
KNOW  
ANYTHING  
EITHER.



UM...  
SENSEI? I'VE  
WONDERED  
ABOUT...UM...  
WHAT HAPP-  
ENED TO  
THOSE  
BEFORE  
THE  
A7'S?

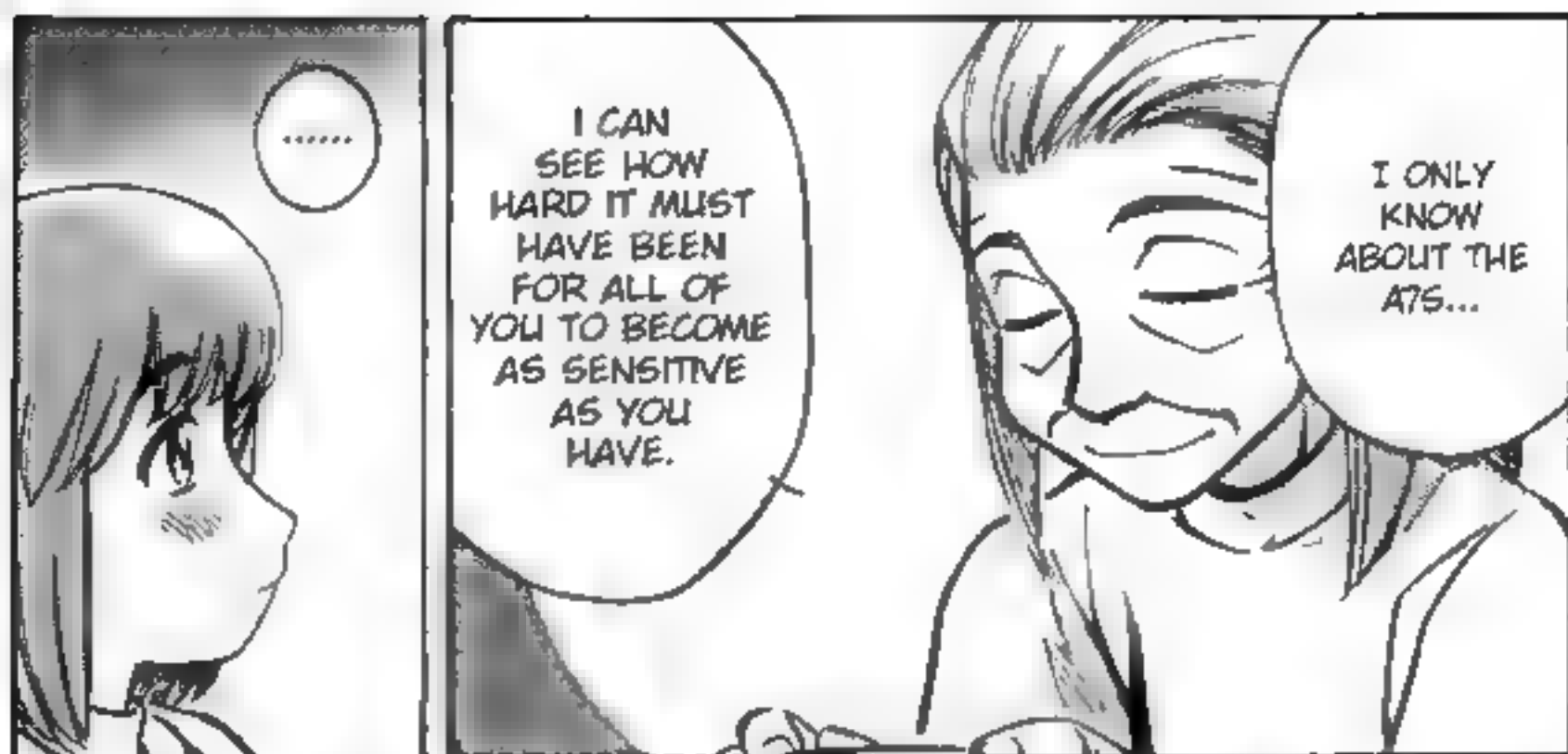


I HAD  
THE SAME  
FEELING.

ME  
TOO  
...



THERE  
ARE  
PROBABLY  
ACCURATE  
RECORDS  
SOME-  
WHERE...  
  
BUT YOU  
KNOW,  
THEY'RE  
PROBABLY  
NOT ALL  
HAPPY  
STORIES...











THE AIR FILLS WITH SOUND.  
IS THIS MUSIC?  
IT FEELS A BIT DIFFERENT.



SWEET, BITTER, A COOL  
FEELING IN MY NOSE...  
THE FEEL OF DRIED TWIGS  
BREAKING BENEATH ME.

AH, YES.  
THIS...

THIS RESEMBLES  
THE LANDSCAPE  
I KNOW.







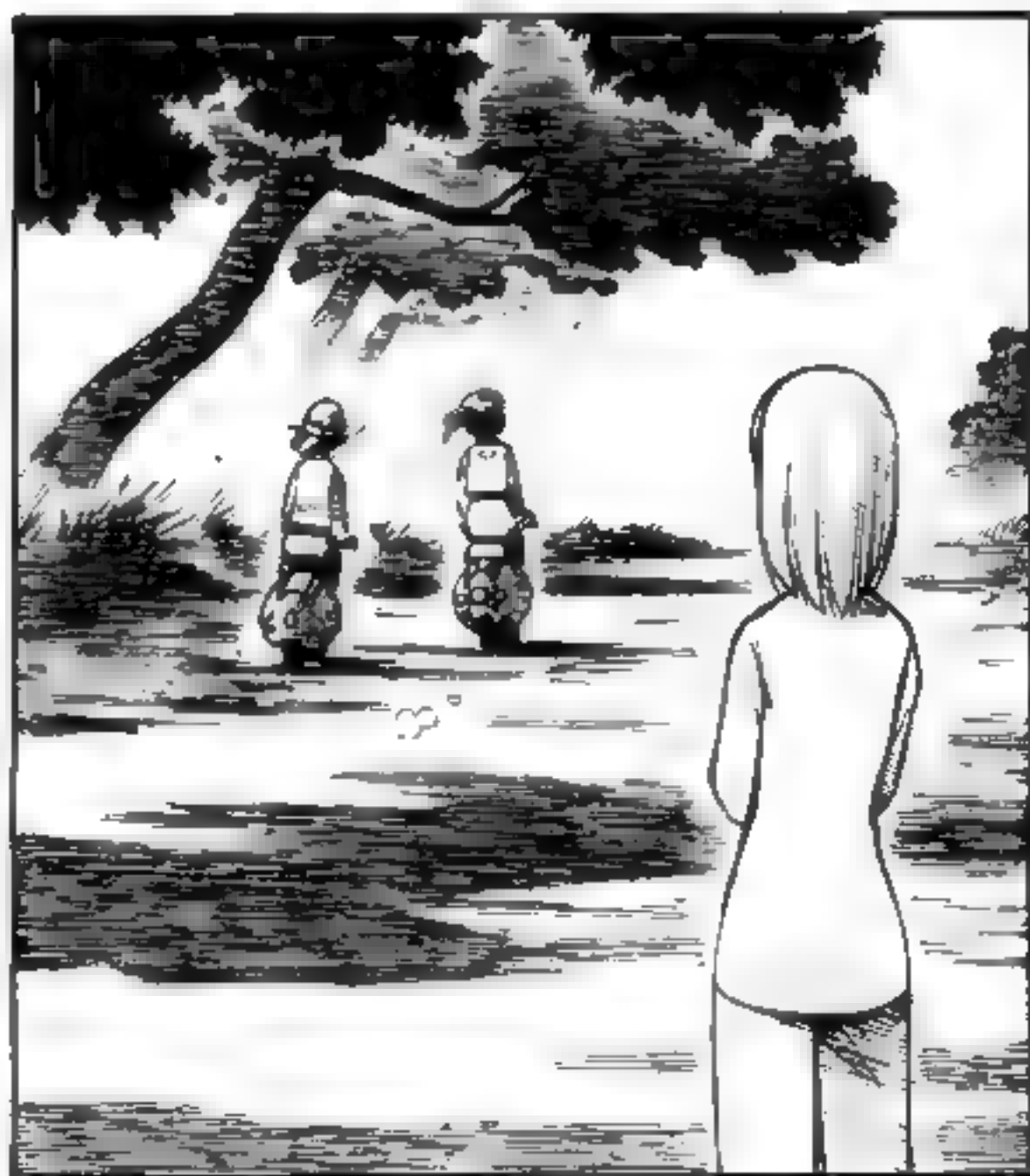


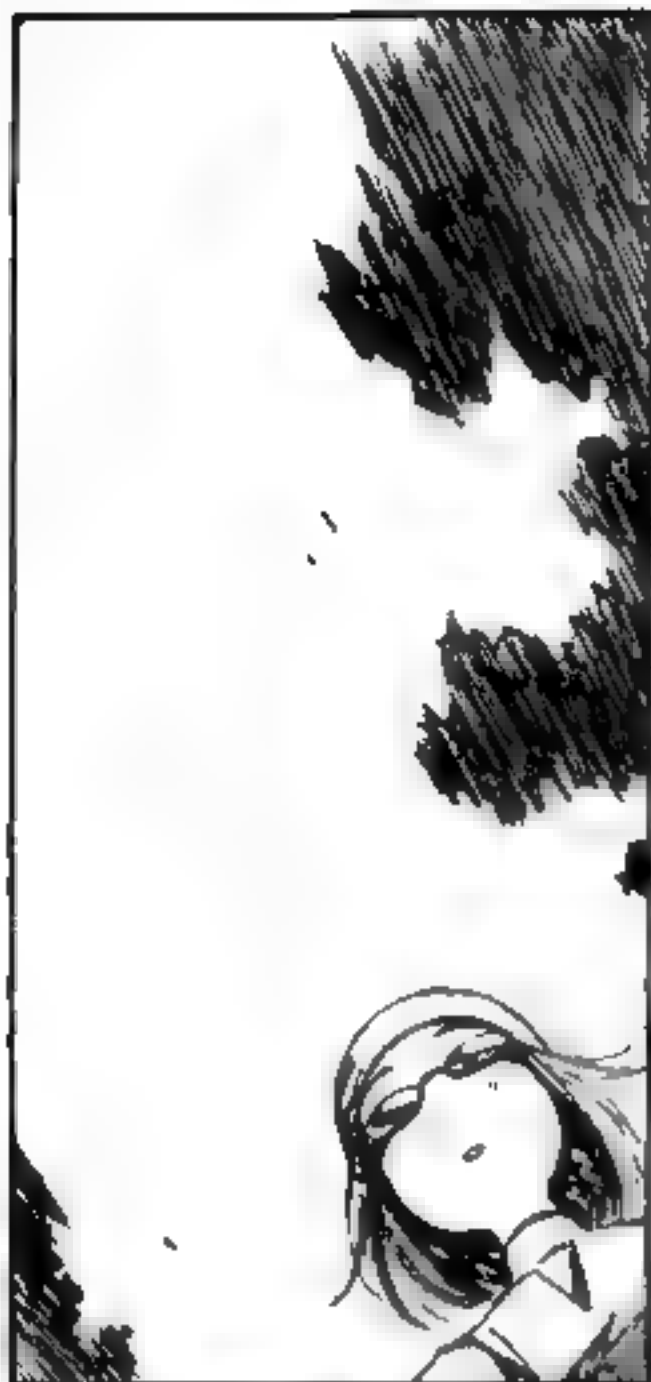


Story 84  
Elevation 70m



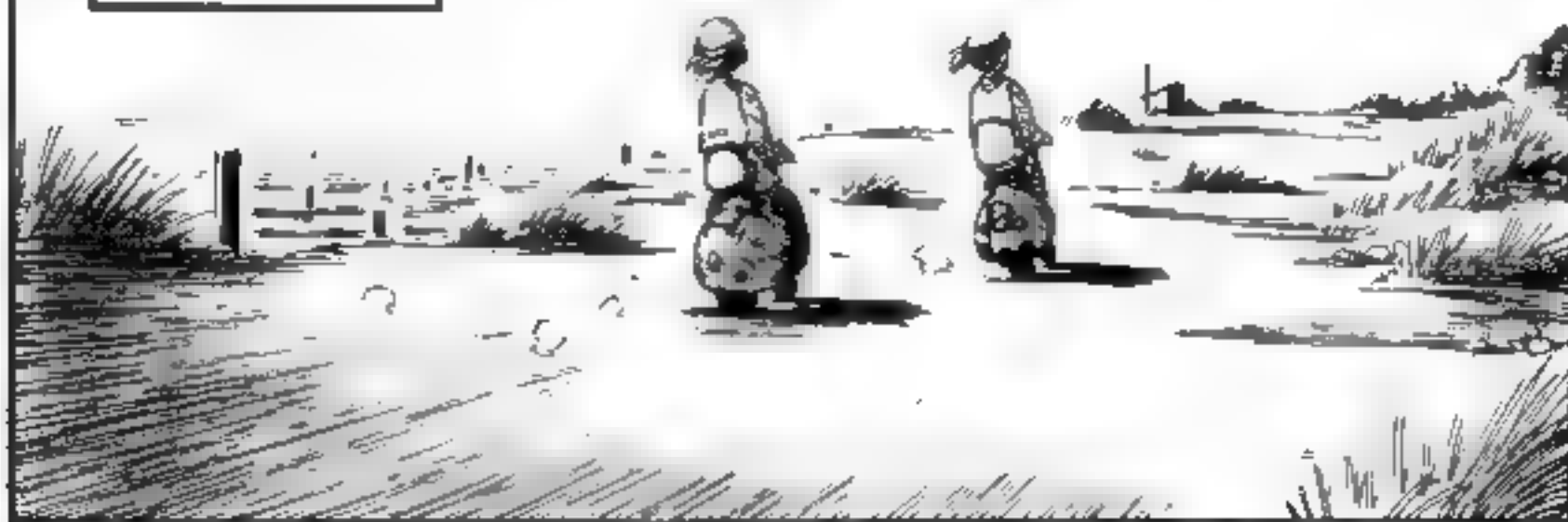






I HAVEN'T  
RIDDEN WITH  
ALPHA SINCE  
THE TIME SHE  
SAW ME TO  
THE ASAHINA  
PASS.

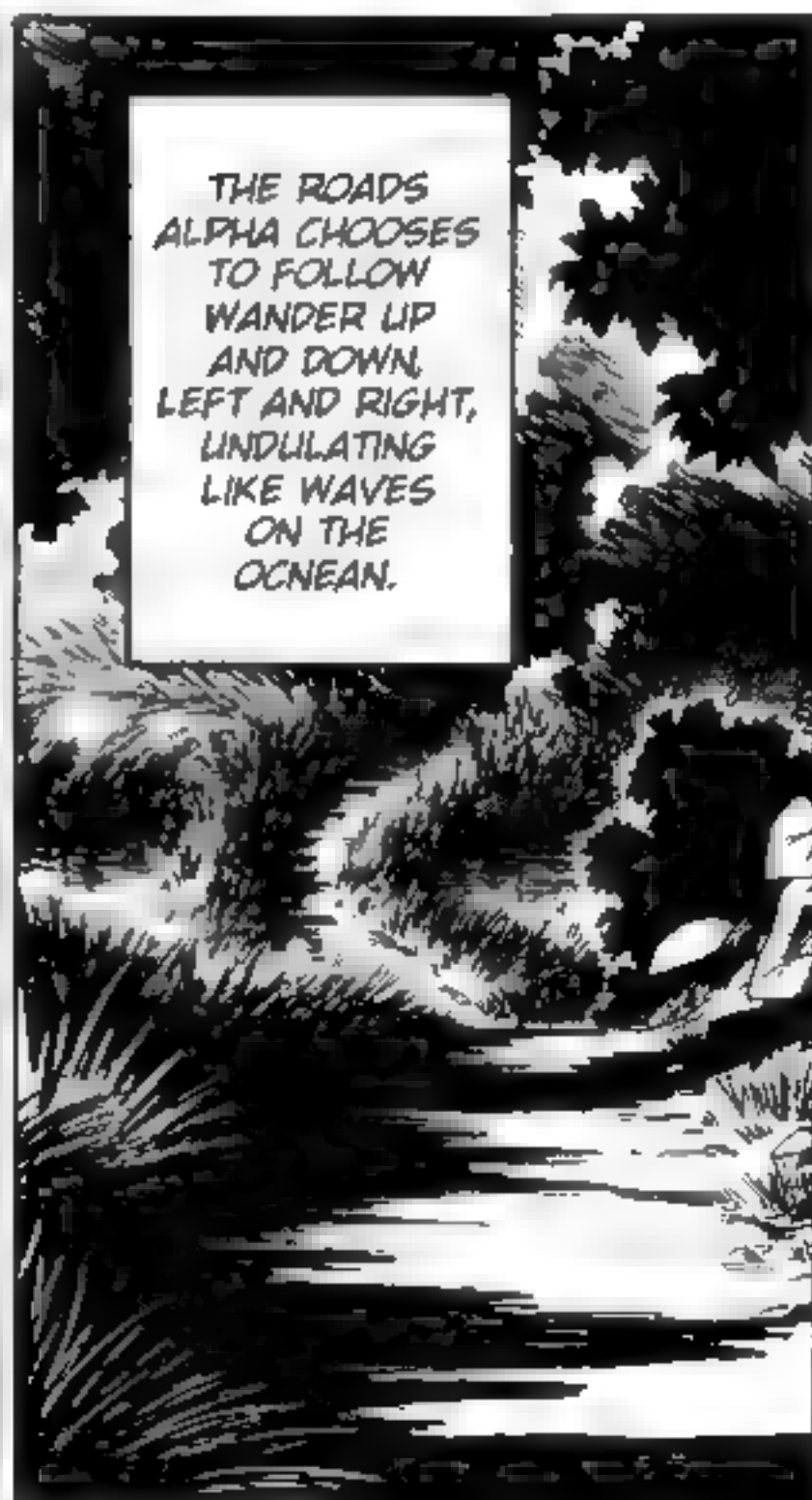
NOON,  
HEADING  
SOUTH ON  
A SAND-  
COVERED  
SEASIDE  
ROAD.



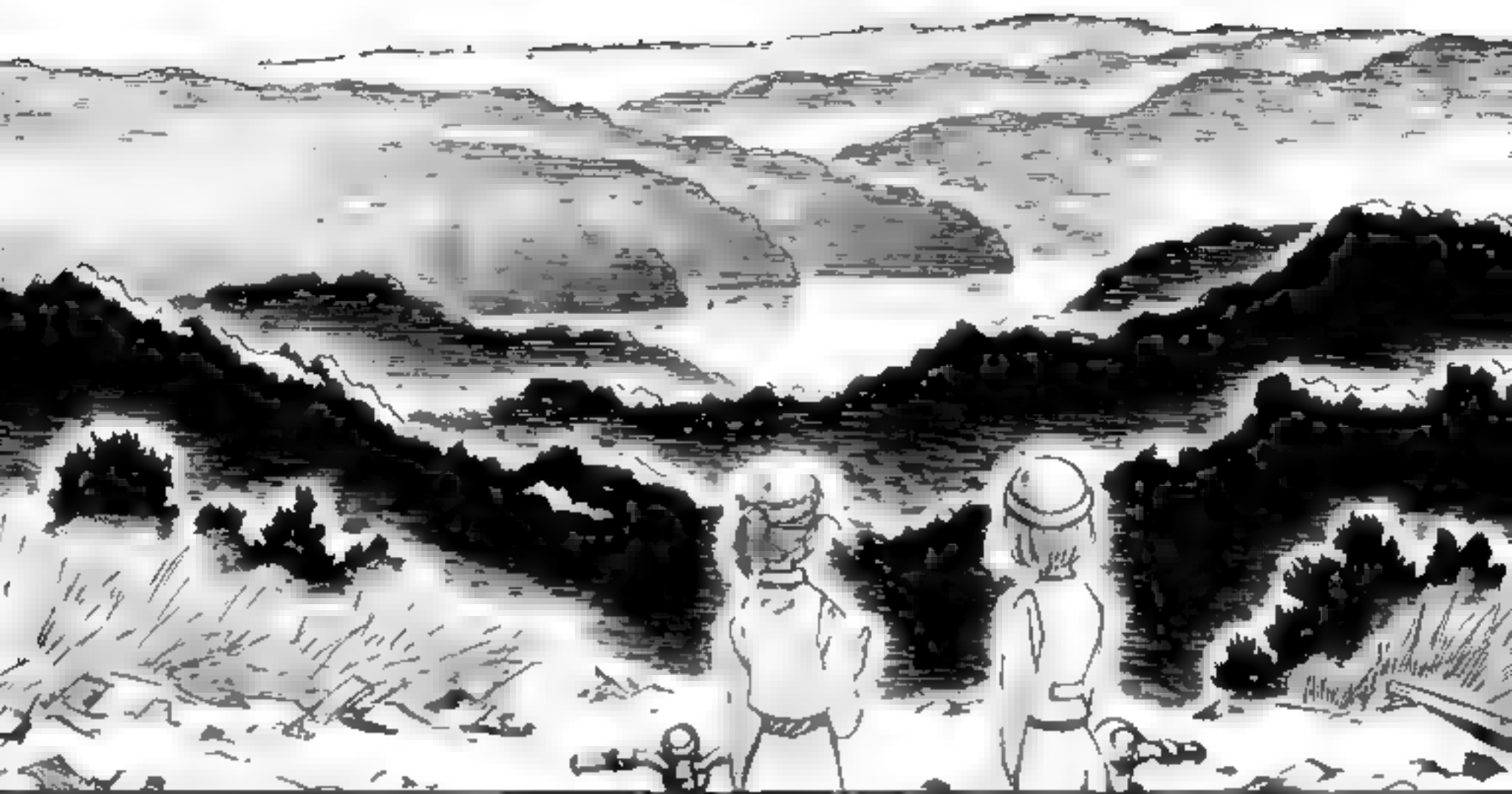




THE TUNNEL-  
LIKE VALLEY  
WE HAVE BEEN  
FOLLOWING  
SUDDENLY  
TRANSFORMS  
INTO A RIDGE.

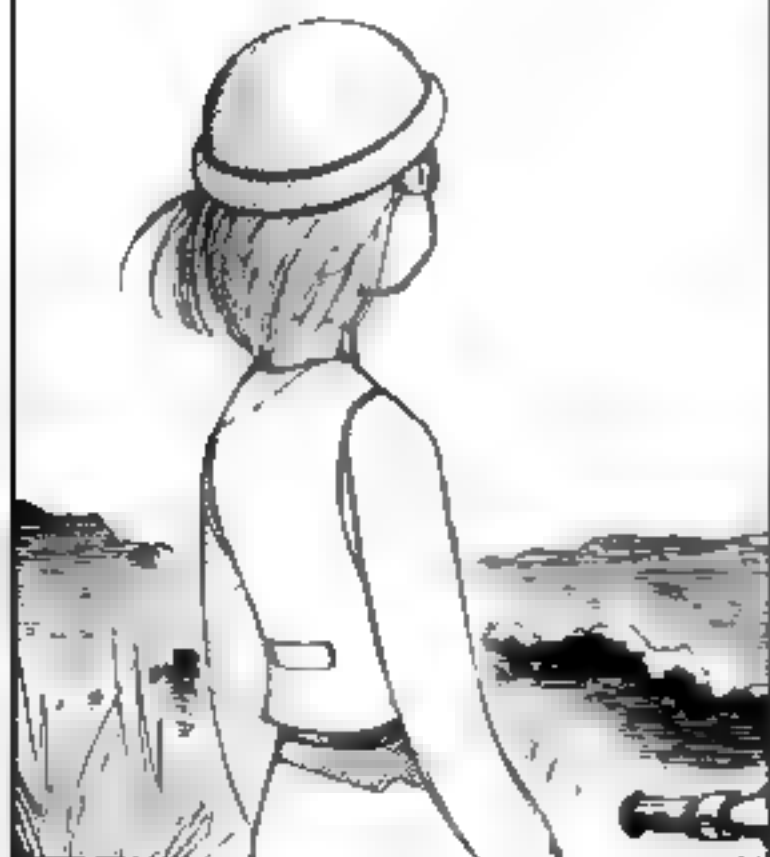


THE ROADS  
ALPHA CHOOSES  
TO FOLLOW  
WANDER UP  
AND DOWN,  
LEFT AND RIGHT,  
UNDULATING  
LIKE WAVES  
ON THE  
OCNEAN.



THE LIGHT  
AND SMELL,  
THE PATT-  
ERNS OF  
COLOR, ALL  
RUSH UPON  
THE ROAD.

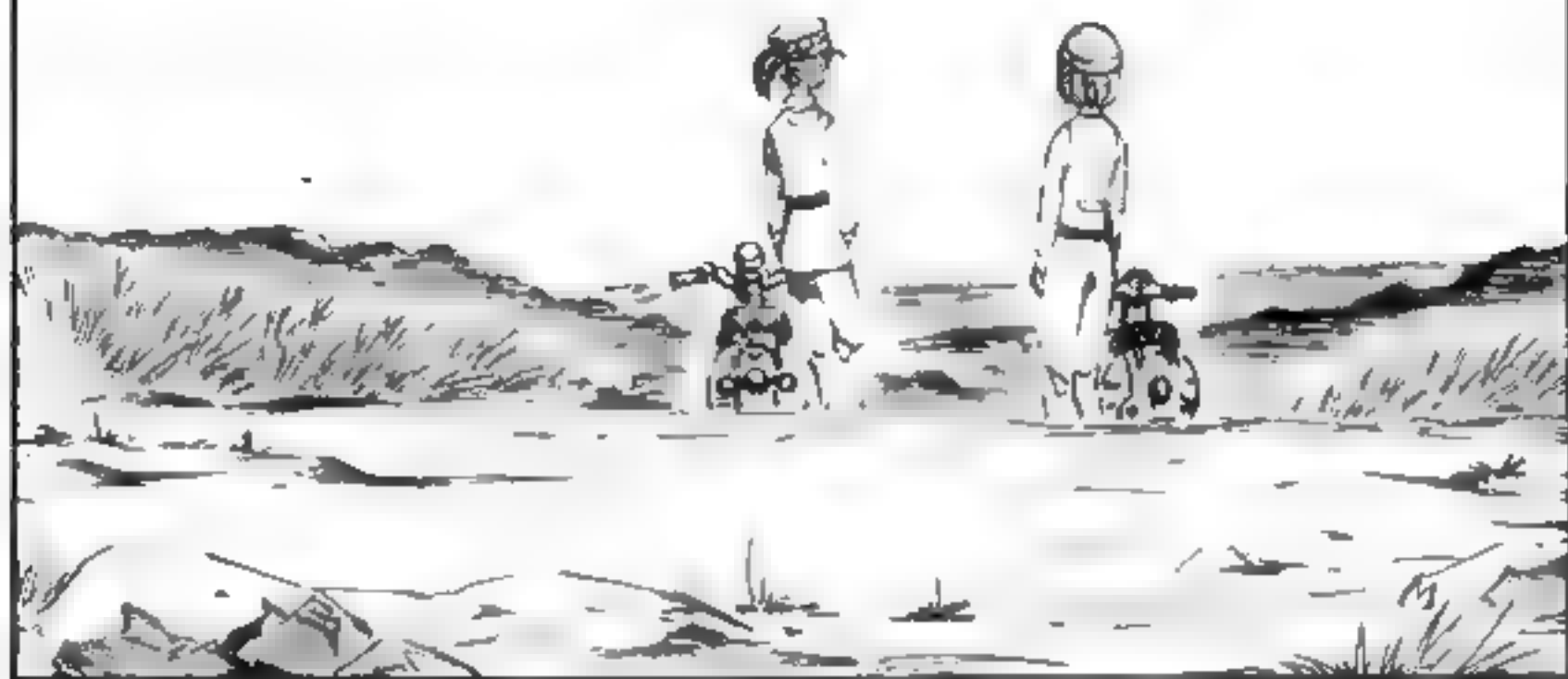
HERE WITHIN  
THE MOUNT-  
AINS LIES  
A STRANGE,  
STILL, BLUE  
BODY OF  
WATER.



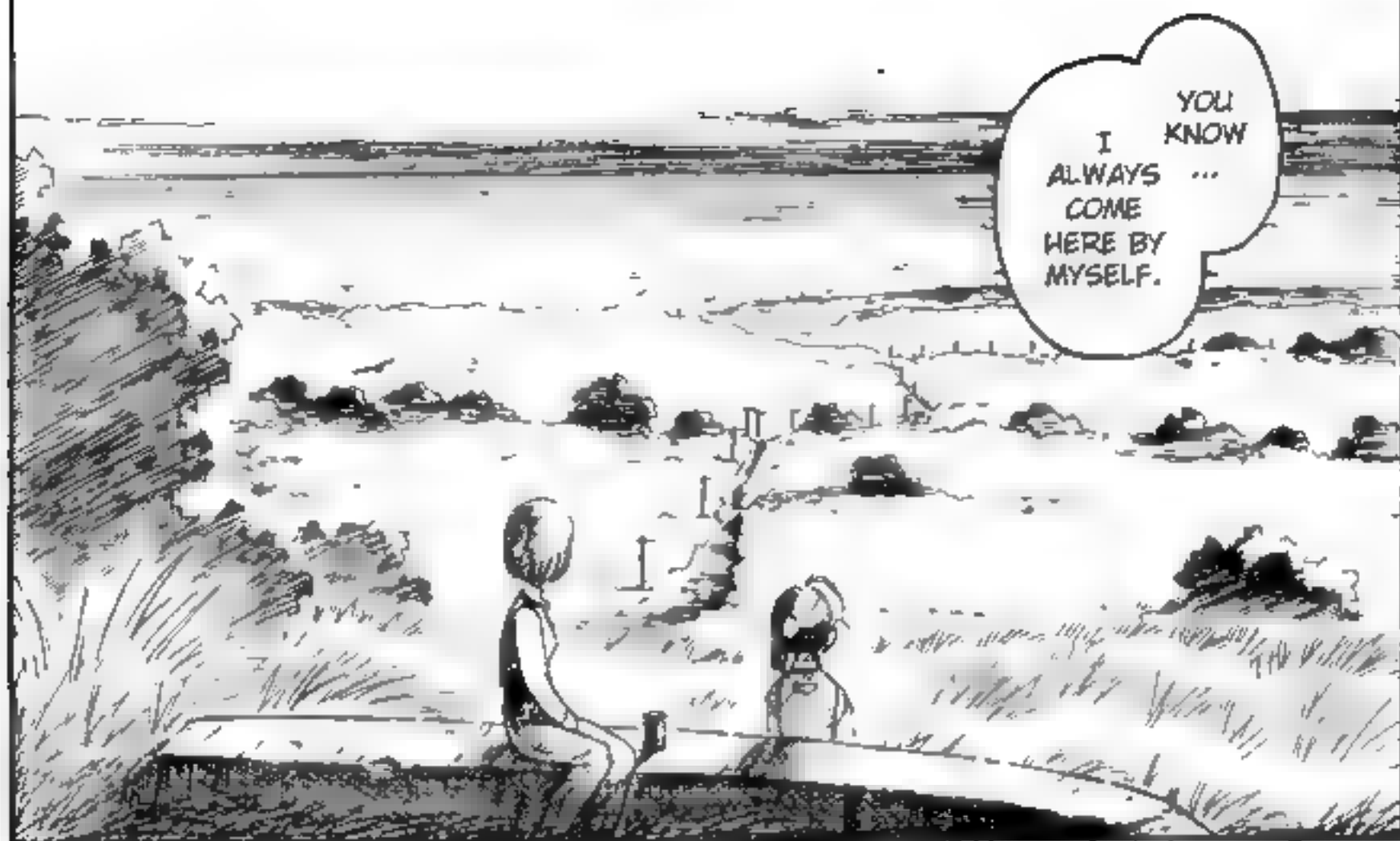
ALTHOUGH  
THIS LOOKS  
LIKE A LAKE,  
THIS IS THE  
SEA, WHICH  
HAS FOLLOWED  
THE TWISTING  
VALLEYS TO  
COME HERE.

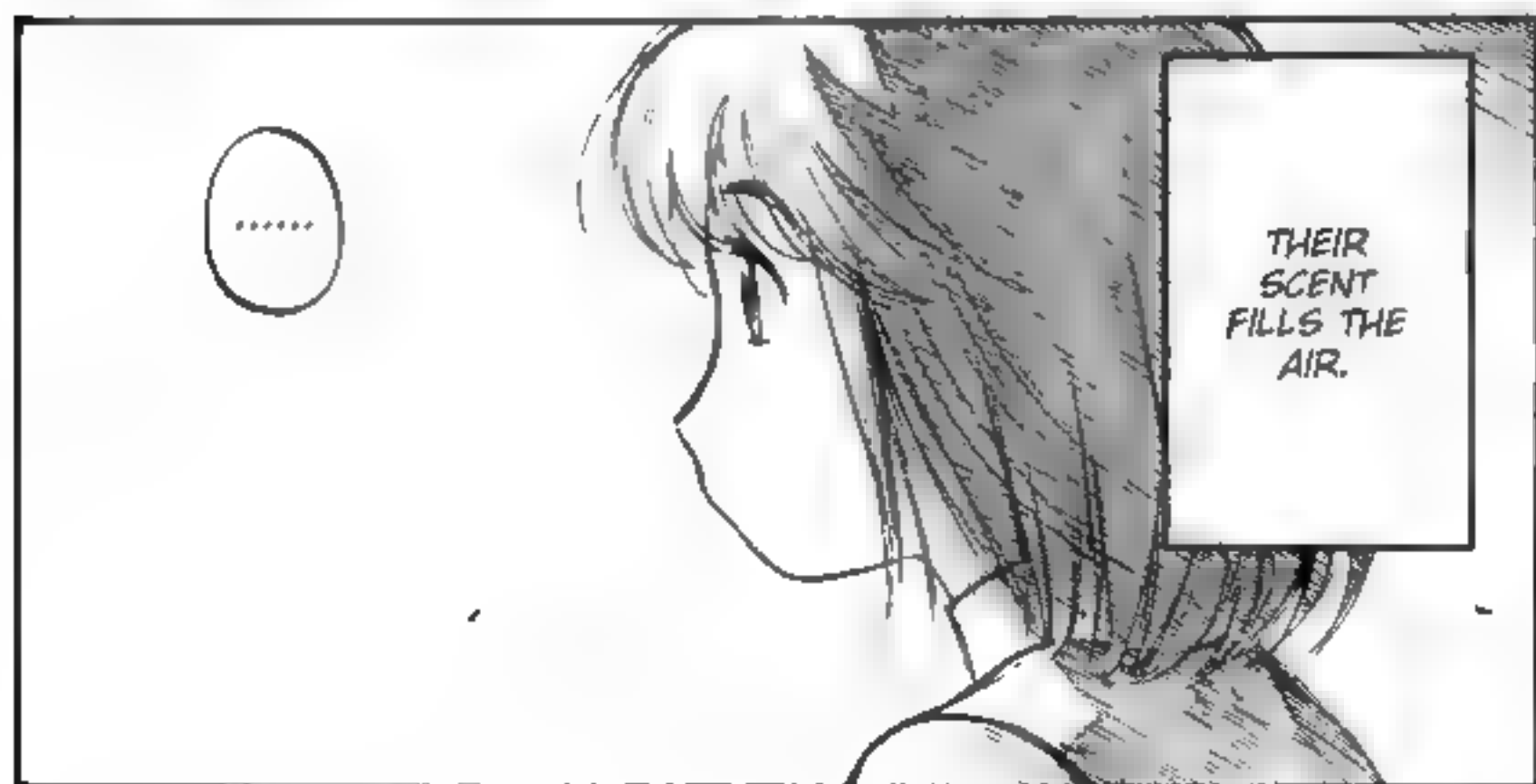
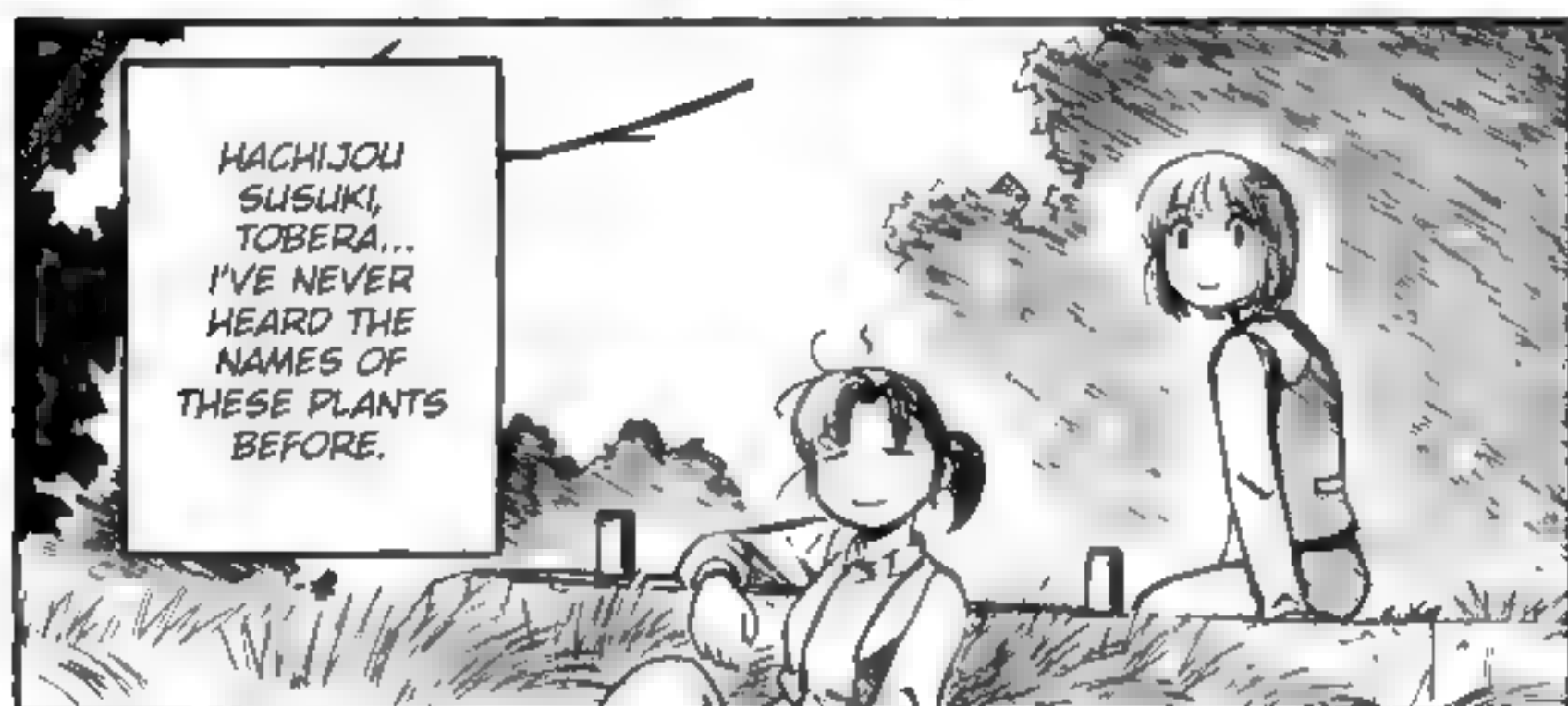


IT FEELS AS THOUGH  
A PART OF MY BEING  
WHICH I HAVE NEVER  
USED BEFORE HAS  
SLINDDENLY OPENED.











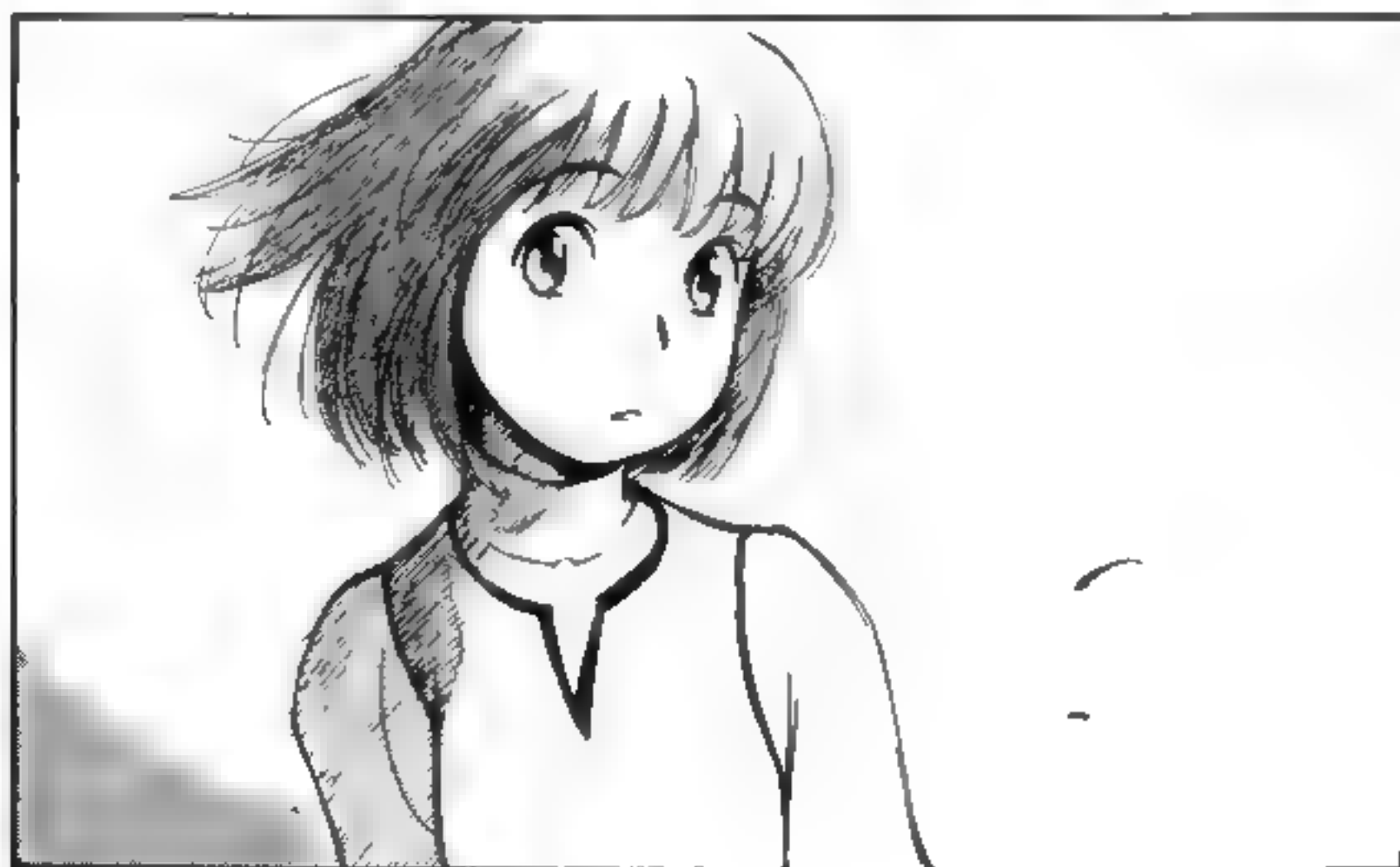
I  
KNOW.



WE  
WERE  
MADE  
FROM  
SOUNDS  
AND  
SCENTS  
...

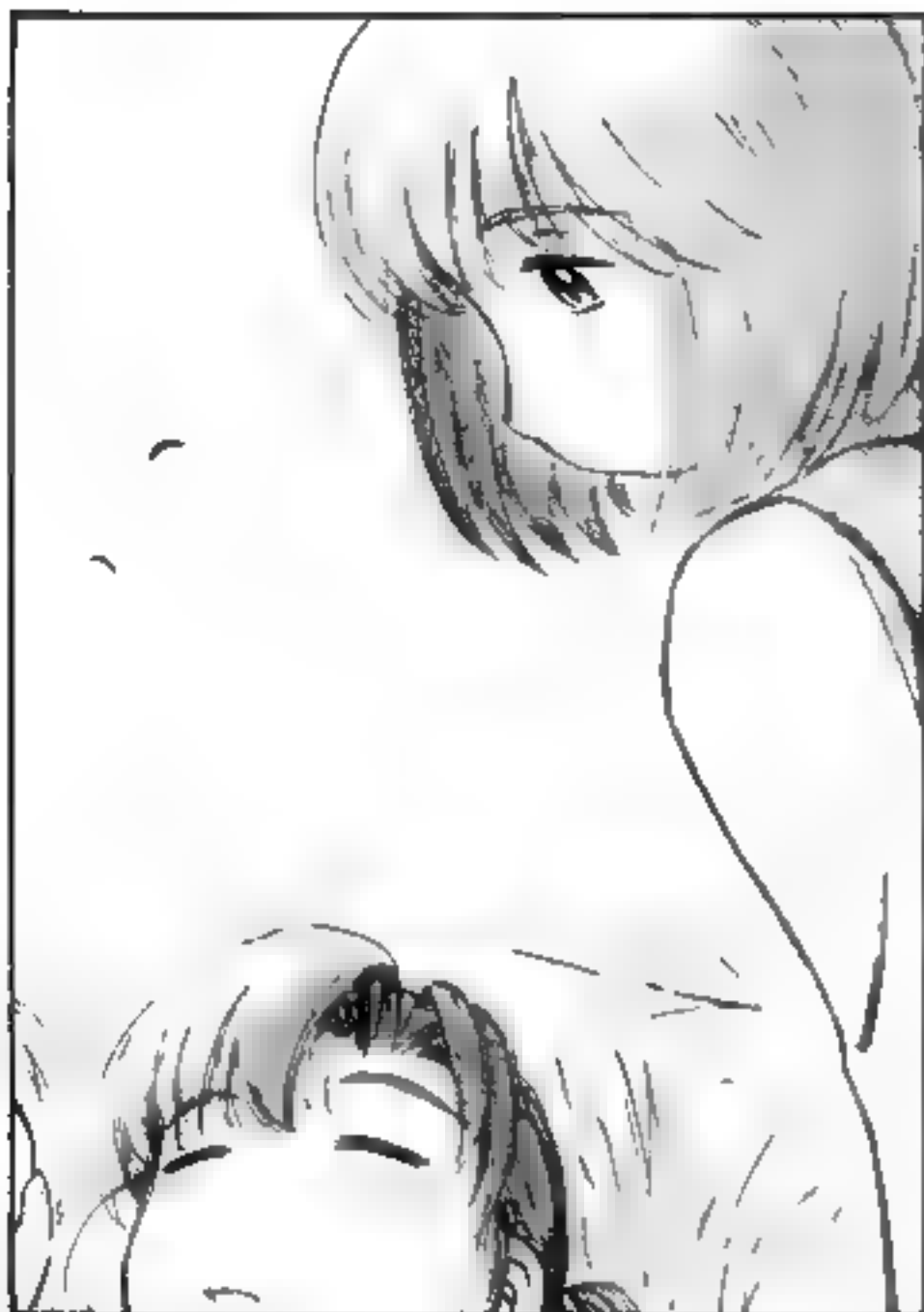
I DON'T  
HAVE  
ANY  
EXAM-  
PLES...

.....  
ALPHA.

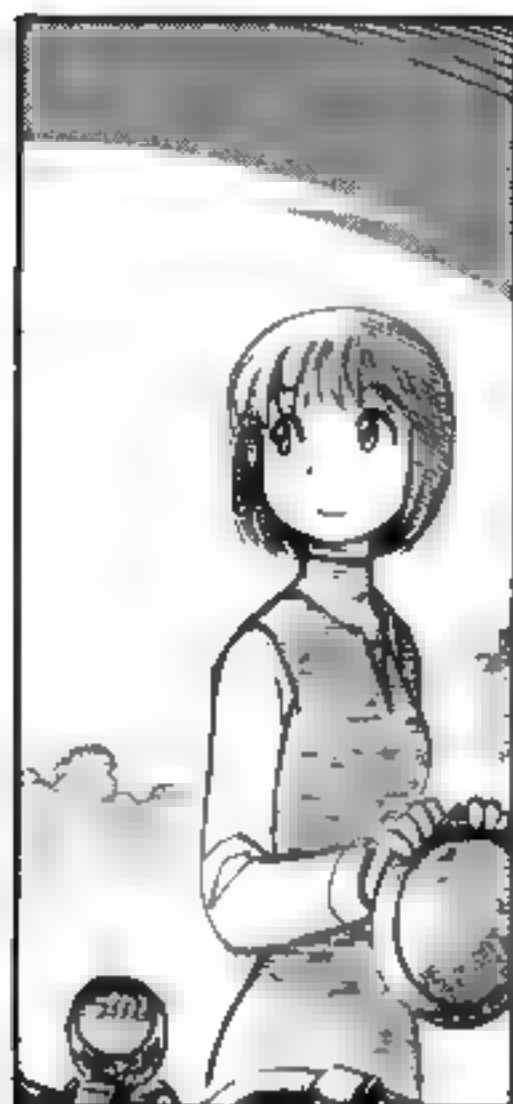


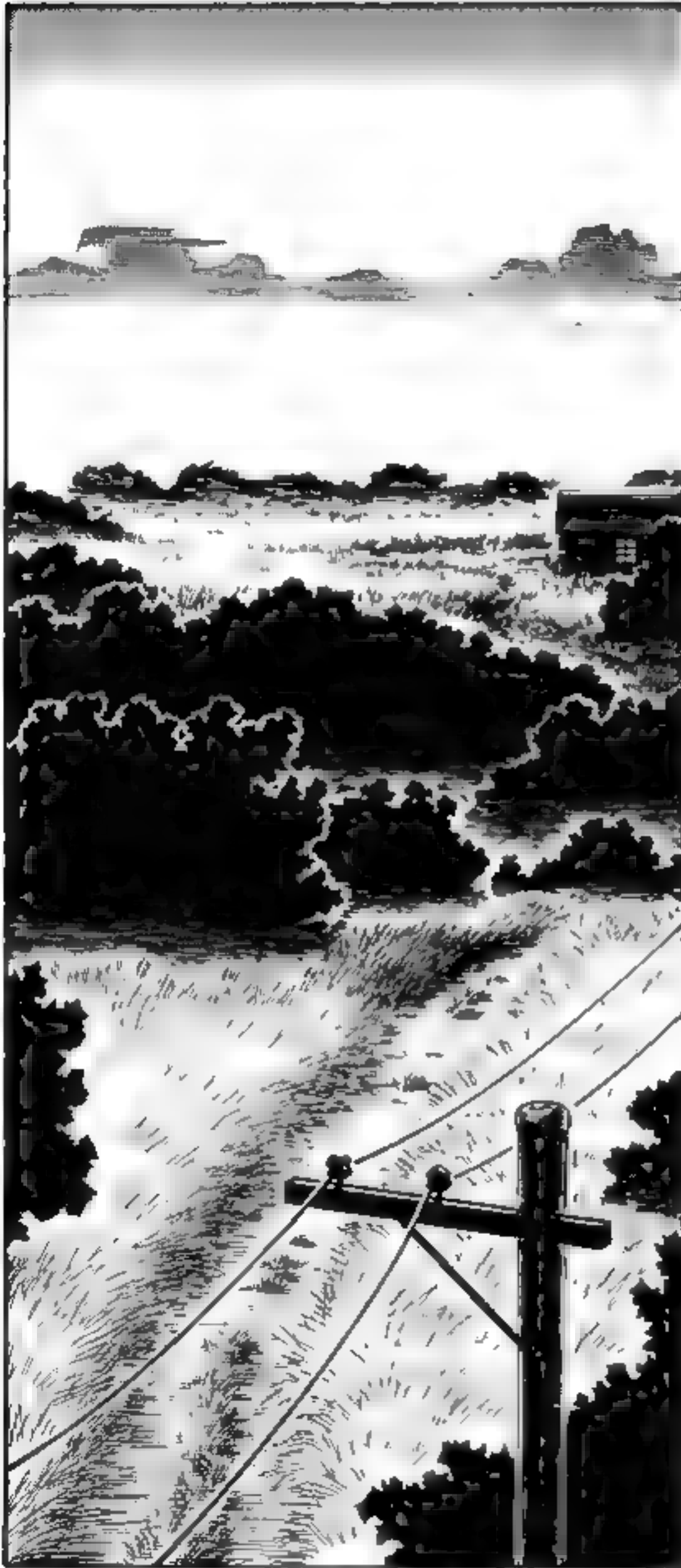












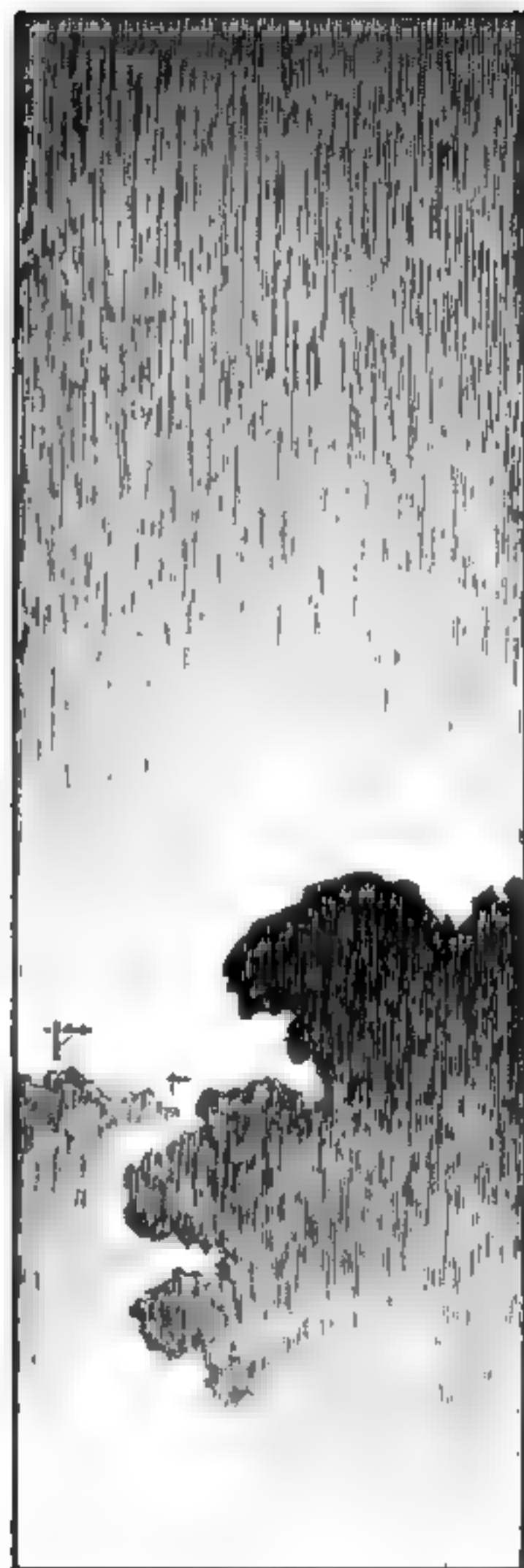
KOKONE!?

WHHH,  
COMING!









Story 85

Frog







I GOT A HOLD OF SOME  
CORRUGATED SHEETING,  
SO I BUILT AN AWNING.

THE SHEETING'S SYNTHETIC RESIN  
IS A TRANSLUCENT MILKY COLOR.  
WHEN I LOOK THROUGH IT FROM  
BELOW, AN ORANGE RING OF  
LIGHT SURROUNDS THE SUN.







IT STARTED  
RAINING THE  
NIGHT I PUT  
THE AWNING  
UP, AND HAS  
CONTINUED  
FOR THE  
PAST FIVE  
DAYS.



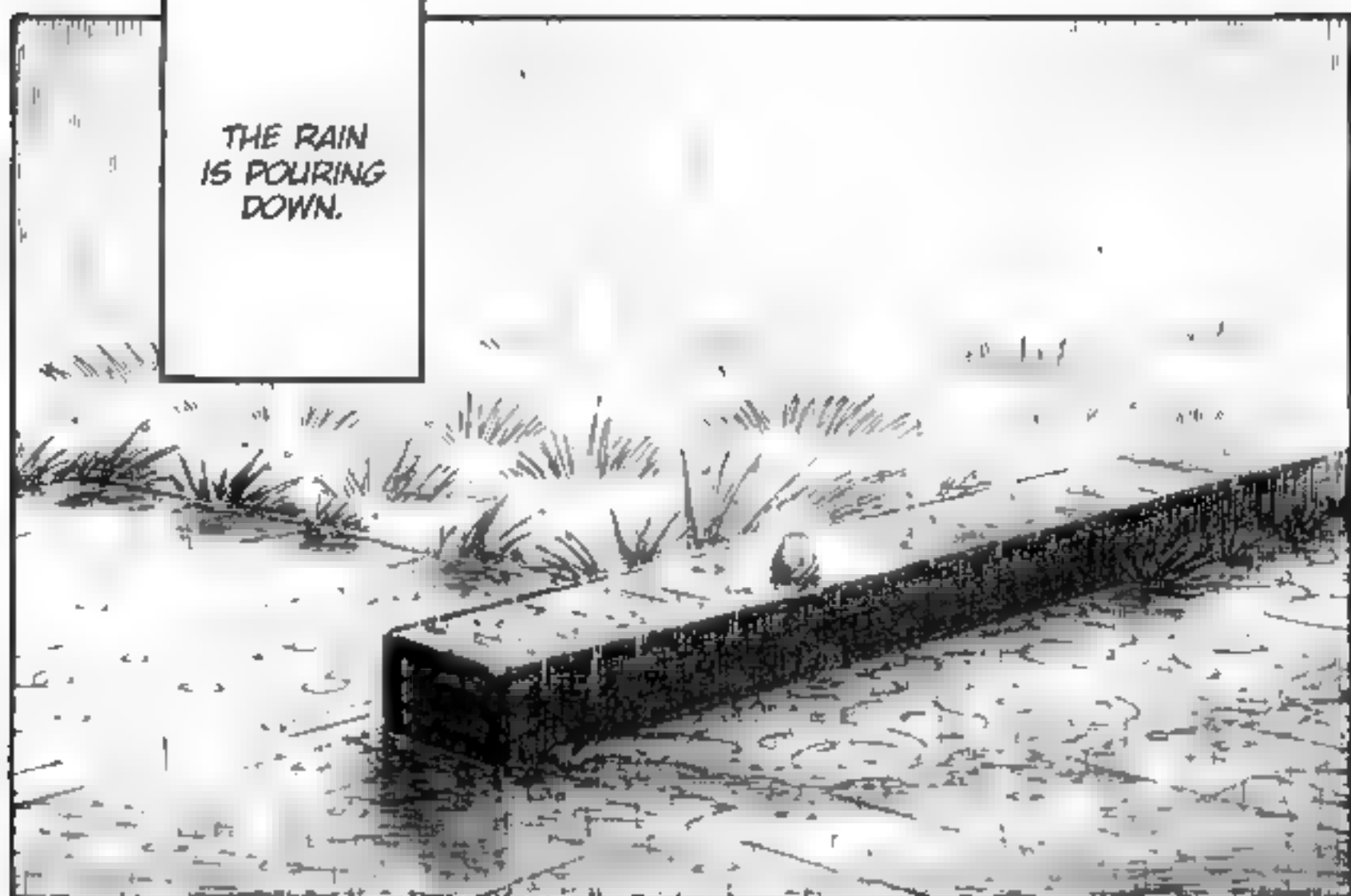
HOWEVER,  
AFTER  
HALF  
A DAY,  
I GOT  
USED  
TO IT.



THE RAIN  
PATTERS  
BUSILY  
ON THE  
THIN ROOF.

AT FIRST,  
THE RACKET  
BOTHERED ME,  
ALTHOUGH  
THERE WAS  
NOTHING TO  
BE DONE  
ABOUT IT.

THE RAIN  
IS POURING  
DOWN.



STILL, AS  
LONG AS  
THE WIND  
DOESN'T  
PICK UP,  
I CAN STAY  
HERE WITH-  
OUT GETTING  
WET.



IT'S NOT LIKE ANY CUSTOMERS  
ARE GOING TO COME.

AND I'M NOT REALLY READY  
TO OPEN THE SHOP.

SO THERE ISN'T REALLY ANY  
REASON FOR ME TO STAY  
HERE ALL DAY.



BUT I'VE SPENT EVEN  
MORE TIME OUT HERE  
THAN I DO WHEN THE  
WEATHER IS GOOD.

IT  
SUDD-  
ENLY  
DARK-  
ENS.

THE SUR-  
ROUNDING  
SCENERY  
SEEMS  
ODDLY  
YELLOW.





JUST AS  
I NOTICE  
THAT THE  
WOODS  
HAVE  
BECOME  
INDISTINCT  
...

THE  
RAIN  
TURNS  
TO A  
DOWN-  
POUR.



A FAINT  
MIST  
BLOWS  
AGAINST  
MY FACE.

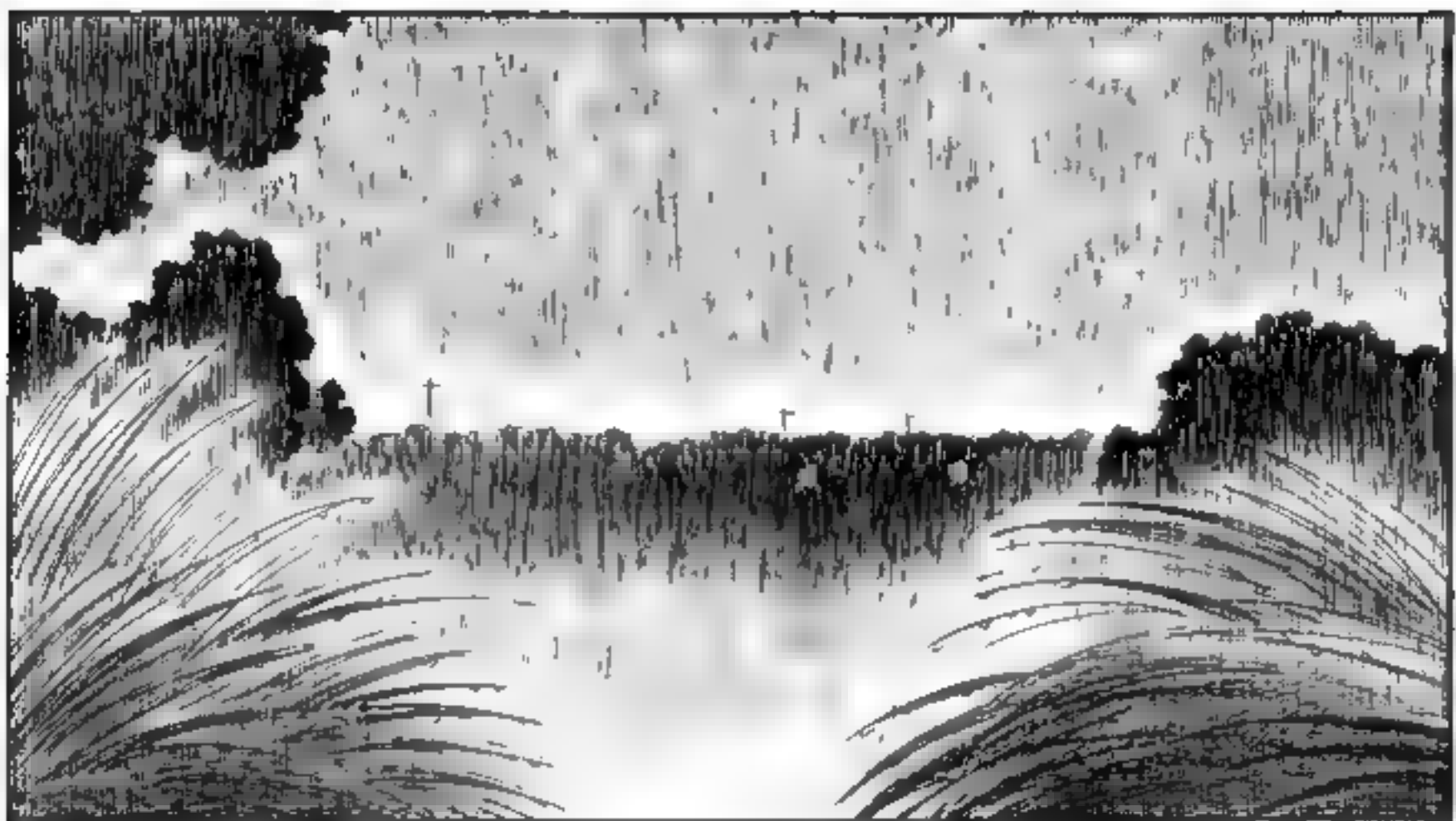


THE WOOD  
IS SOON  
STICKY  
WITH  
MOISTURE.

I CAN  
HEAR  
NOTHING  
BUT THE  
RAIN.







AS THE RAIN LETS UP,  
BIT BY BIT I CAN SEE  
THE SURROUNDING TREES.

ALTHOUGH IT'S STILL LIGHT,  
TWO STREETLIGHTS HAVE  
TURNED ON.





THERE USUALLY  
AREN'T VERY  
MANY BUGS  
THIS CLOSE TO  
THE OCEAN,  
BUT TONIGHT  
THEY'RE OUT  
IN FORCE.

A MOSQUITO BUZZES  
AROUND ME.

IT LANDS ON MY ARM.



AND THEN...



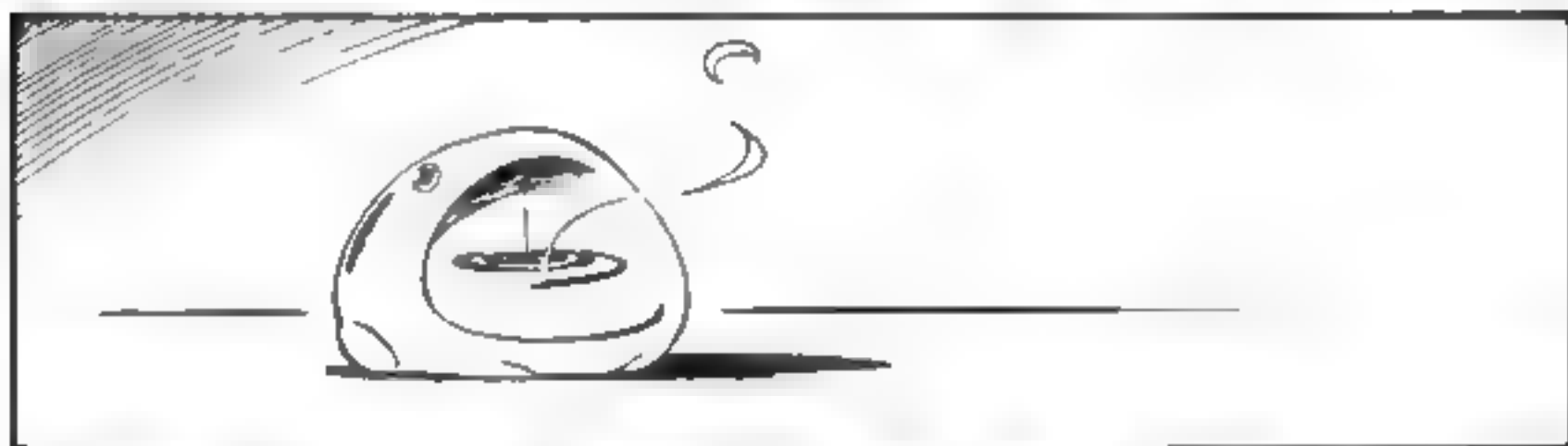
LOOKING SLIGHTLY  
TROUBLED...  
IT FLIES AWAY AGAIN.







IT'S NOT  
VERY NICE  
TO THE BUGS,  
BUT I LIGHT  
THE YEARS  
FIRST INSECT  
REPELLANT  
INCENSE.



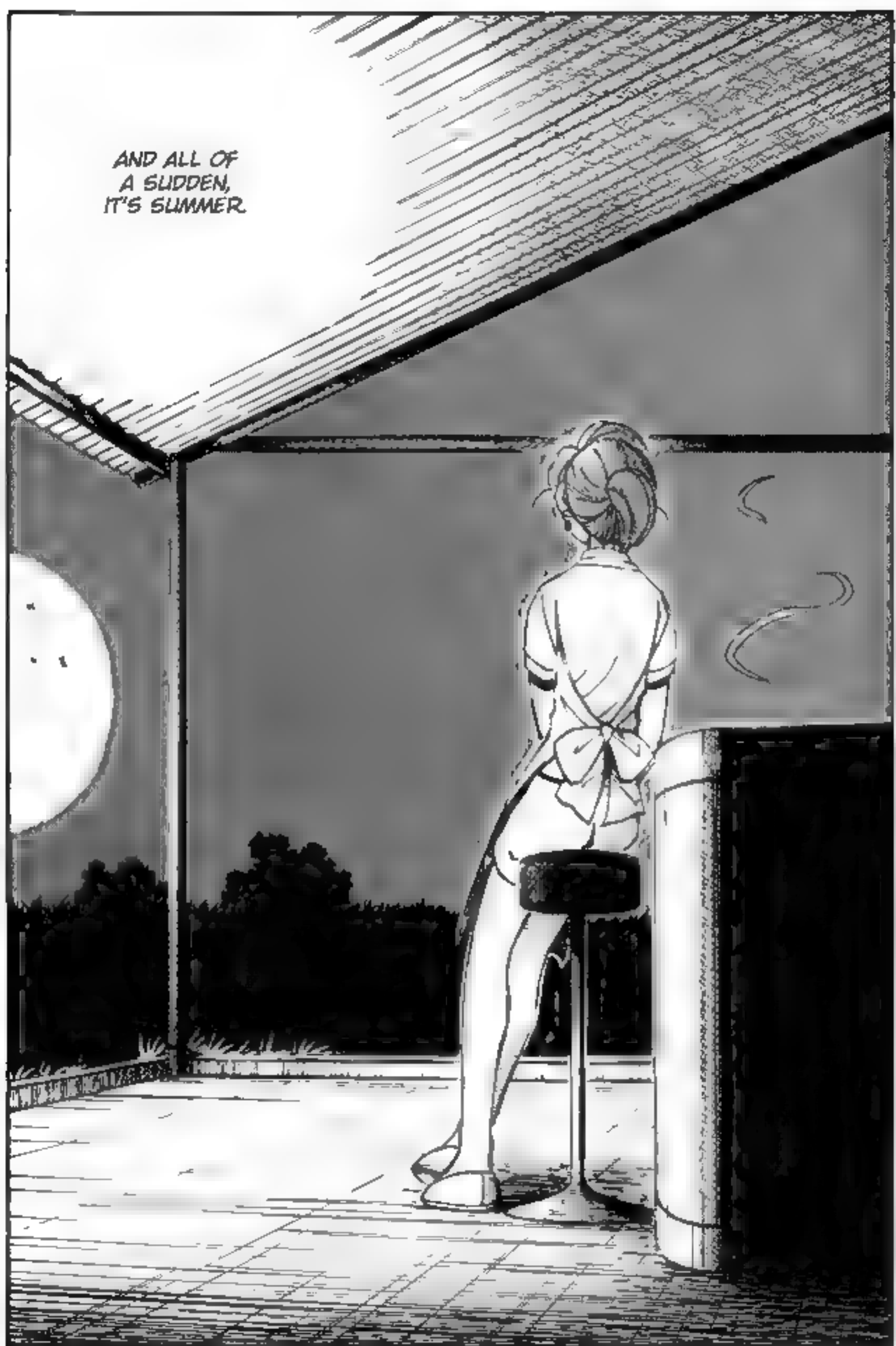
THE INSTANT I LIGHT IT,  
FIVE OR SIX TAKE FLIGHT.



AT THE SAME TIME,  
I'M OVERCOME BY A  
SUDDEN FEELING  
OF LONELINESS.



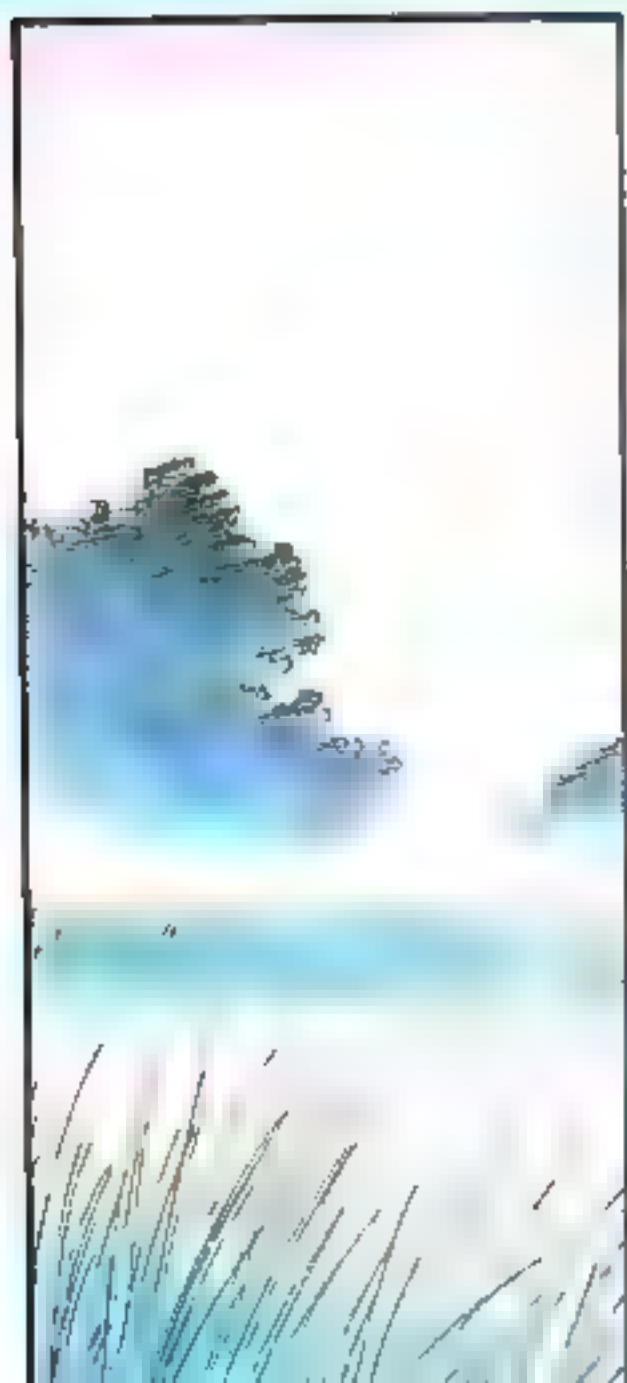
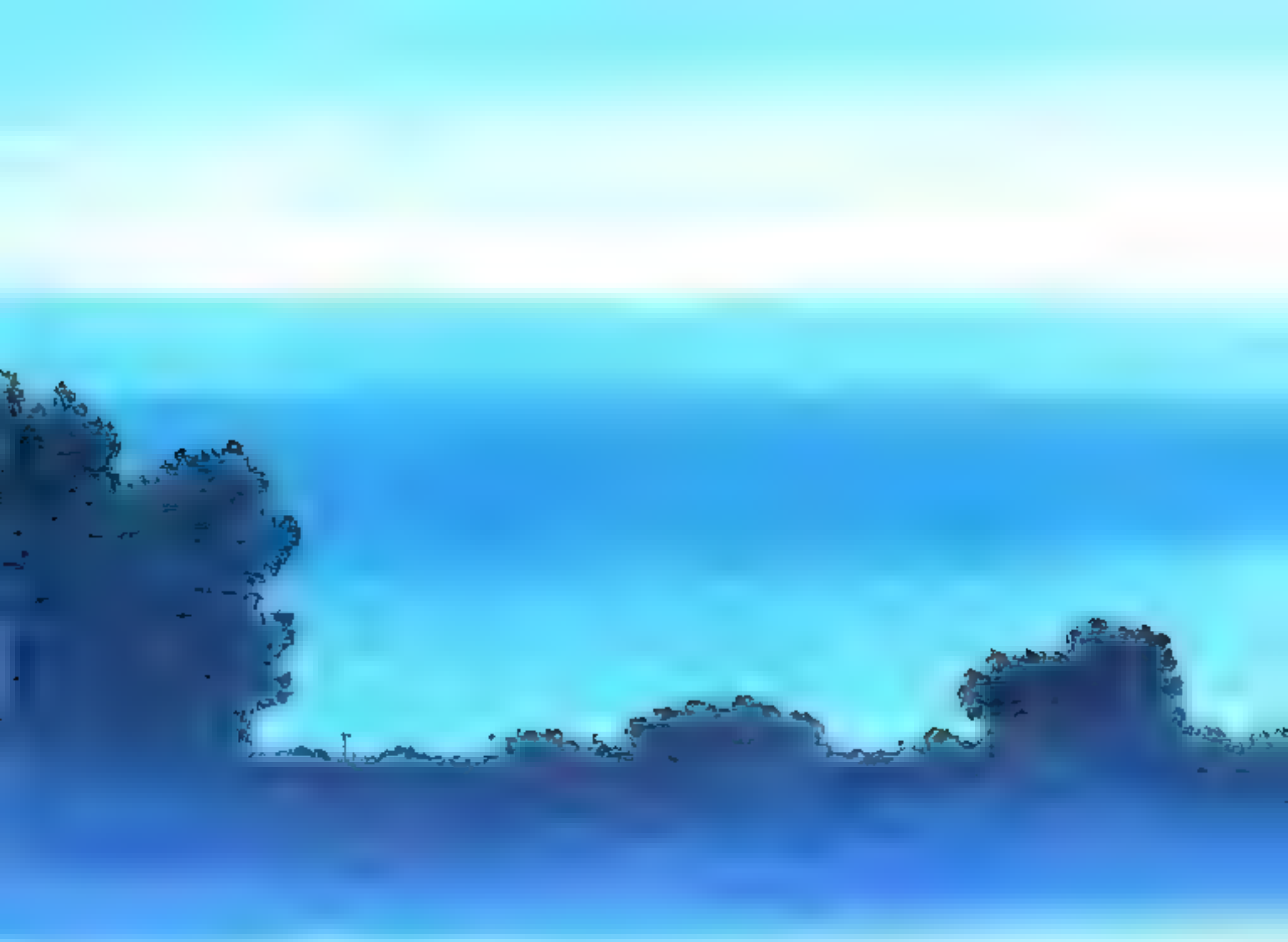
AND ALL OF  
A SUDDEN,  
IT'S SUMMER.



Story 36

Tired All

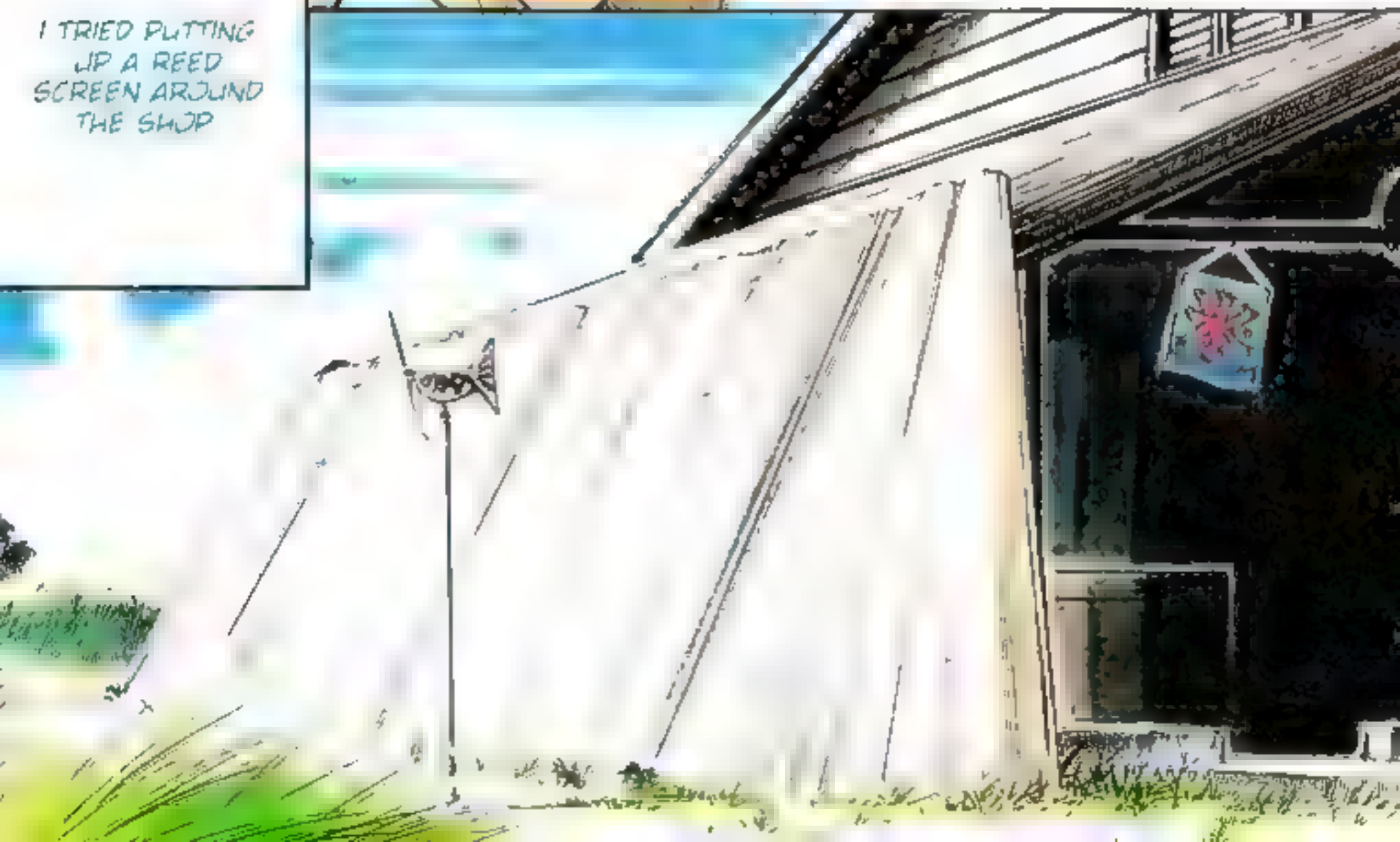




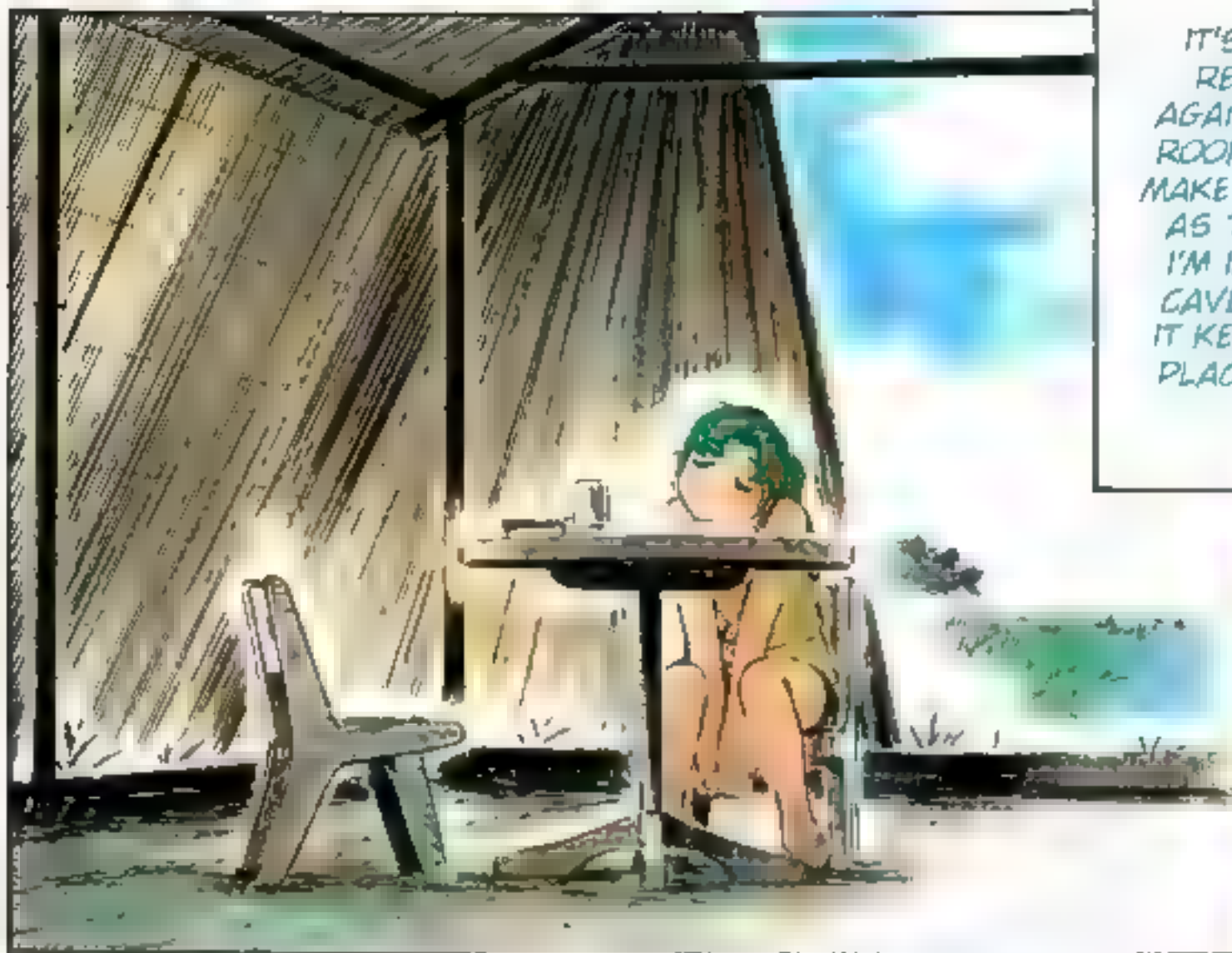




I TRIED PUTTING  
UP A REED  
SCREEN AROUND  
THE SHOP



IT'S JUST  
RESTING  
AGAINST THE  
ROOF, BUT IT  
MAKES IT FEEL  
AS THOUGH  
I'M INSIDE A  
CAVE. STILL,  
IT KEEPS THE  
PLACE COOL



I FIGURED  
I'D HAVE  
AS FEW  
CUSTOMERS  
AS EVER

I'VE PRE-  
PARED  
BARLEY TEA,  
DOKUDAMI  
TEA, AND A  
FEW COFFEE  
BEANS

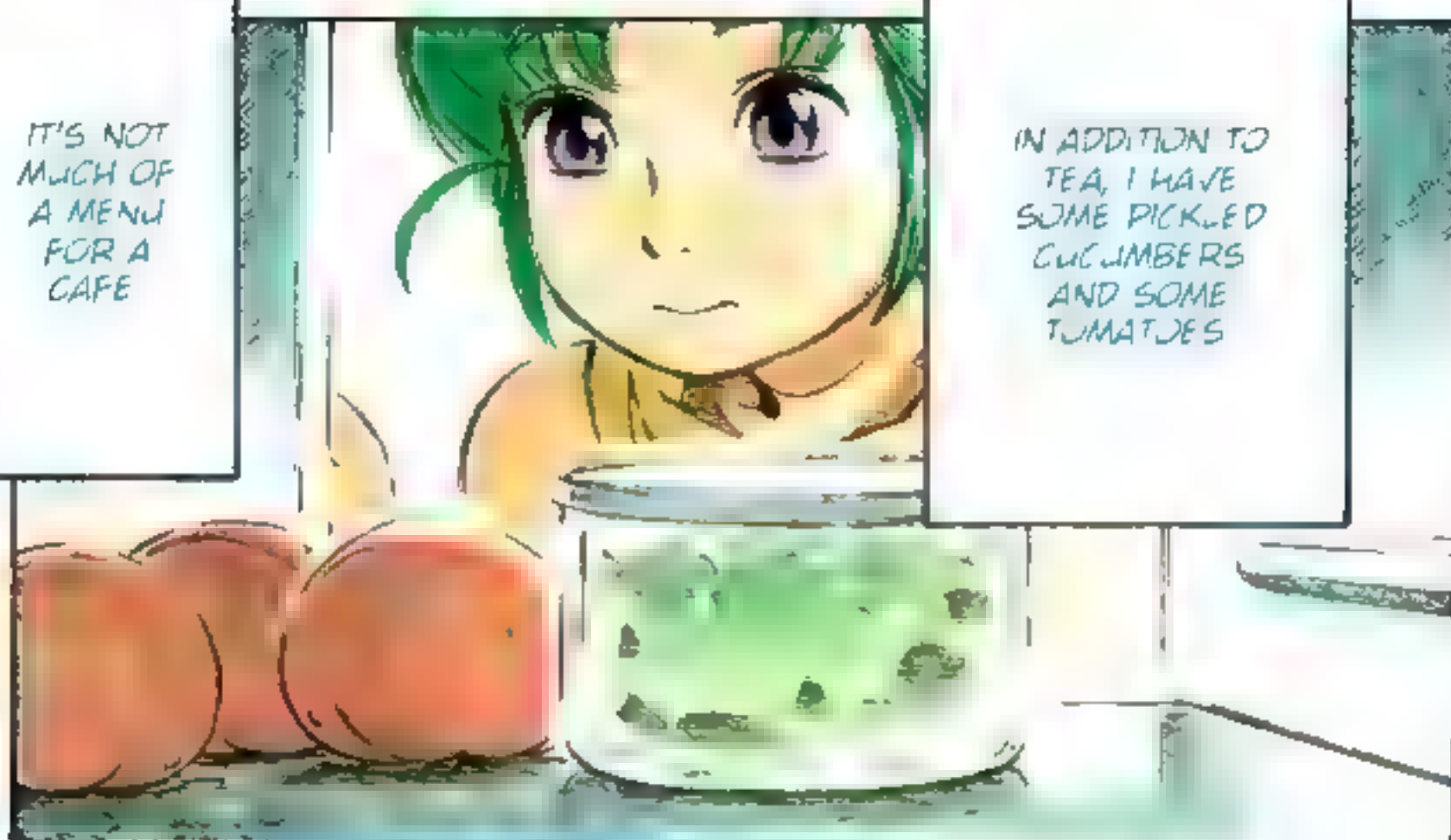
A NUMBER OF  
PEOPLE PASSED  
BY, HOWEVER,  
ON THEIR WAY  
FISHING, OR  
JUST OUT  
FOR A WALK.  
QUITE A FEW  
STOP BY





IT'S NOT  
MUCH OF  
A MENU  
FOR A  
CAFE

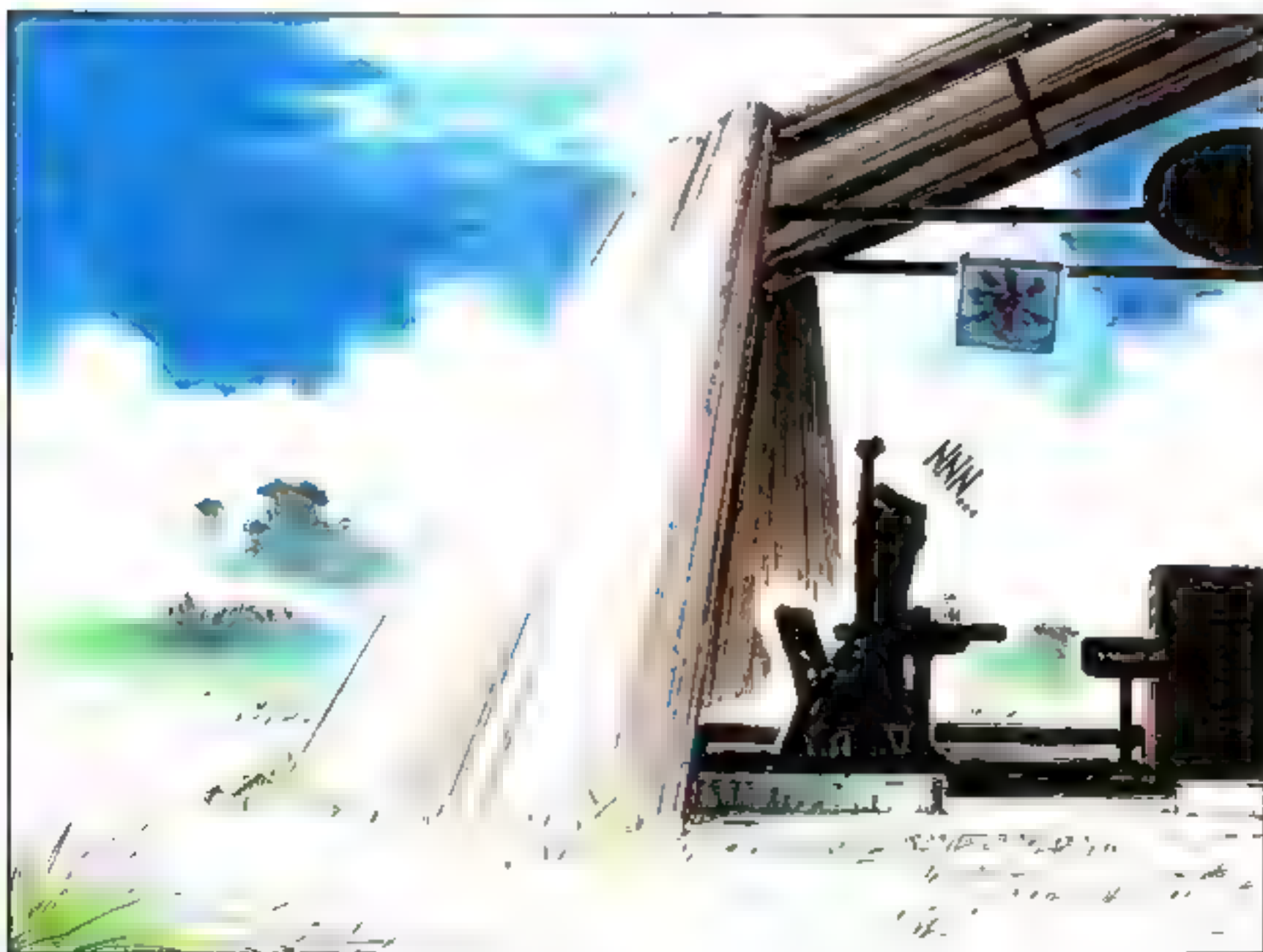
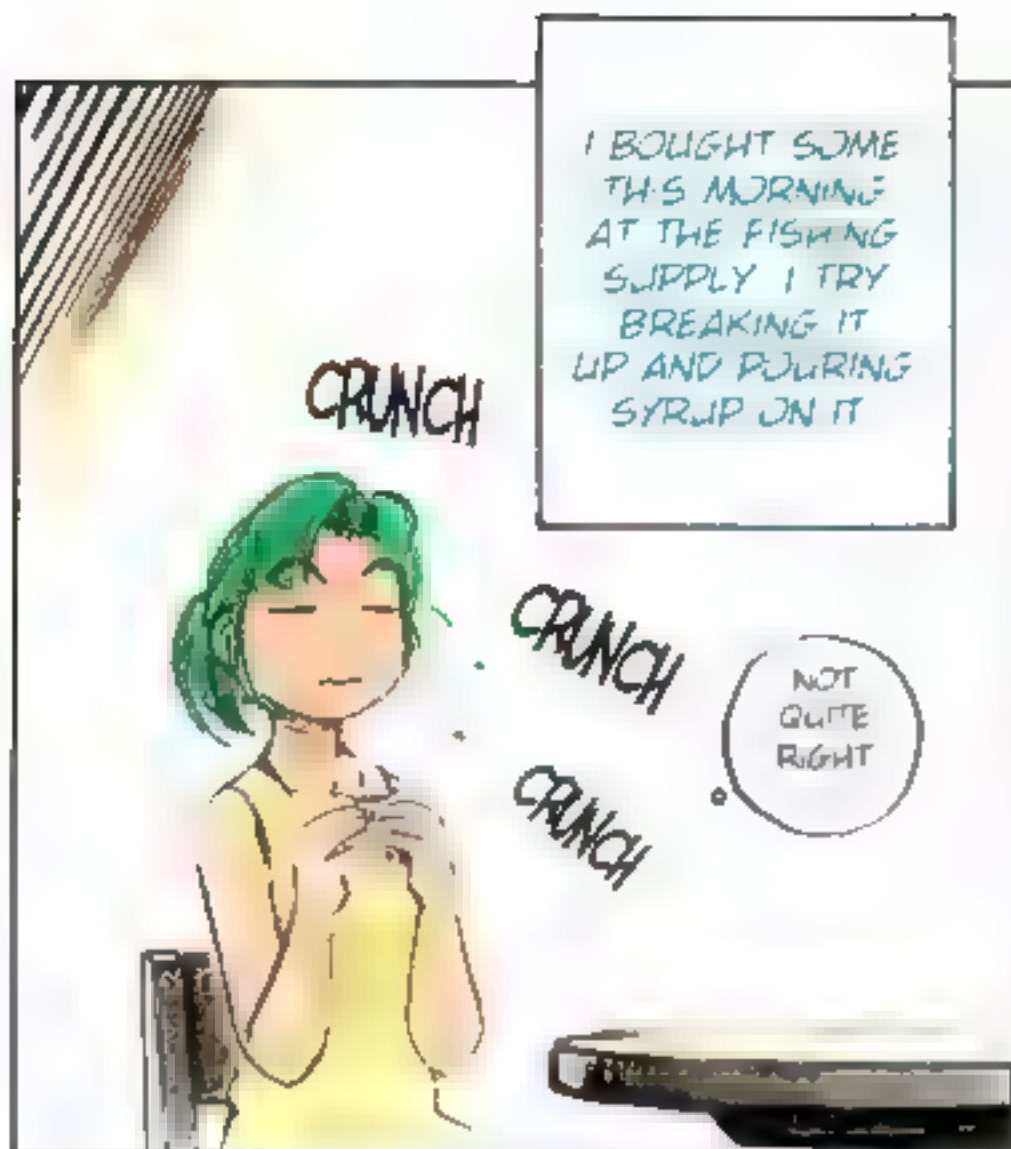
IN ADDITION TO  
TEA, I HAVE  
SOME PICKLED  
CUCUMBERS  
AND SOME  
TOMATOES

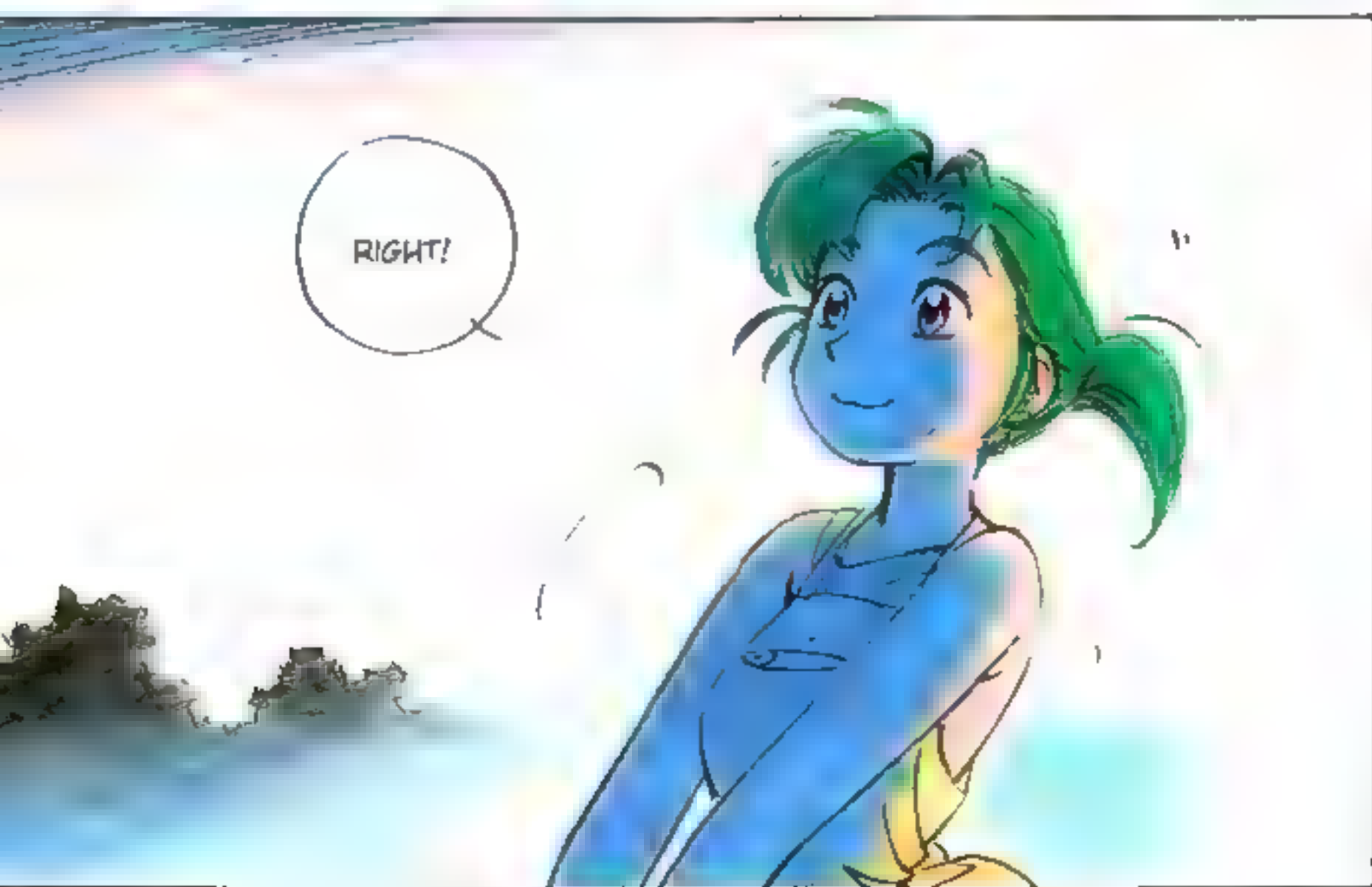


I'VE ALSO  
GOT ONE  
CAN OF BEER,  
BUT I'M NOT  
BRINGING  
IT OUT

THAT  
BEER  
IS  
MINE











Story 87      People of the Bay













SFX <CRUSTLE>





ASH



POOP



















A  
PER-  
SON?

I DON'T  
REALLY  
UNDER-  
STAND IT  
EITHER.



HM...

THEN  
WHAT IS  
SHE?



ABOUT  
THAT...  
YET  
SOMEHOW...

YEAH...

BUT SHE  
NEVER  
SEEMS TO  
GET ANY  
OLDER.



I SEE.







Story 88

Southern Flyer Kamas





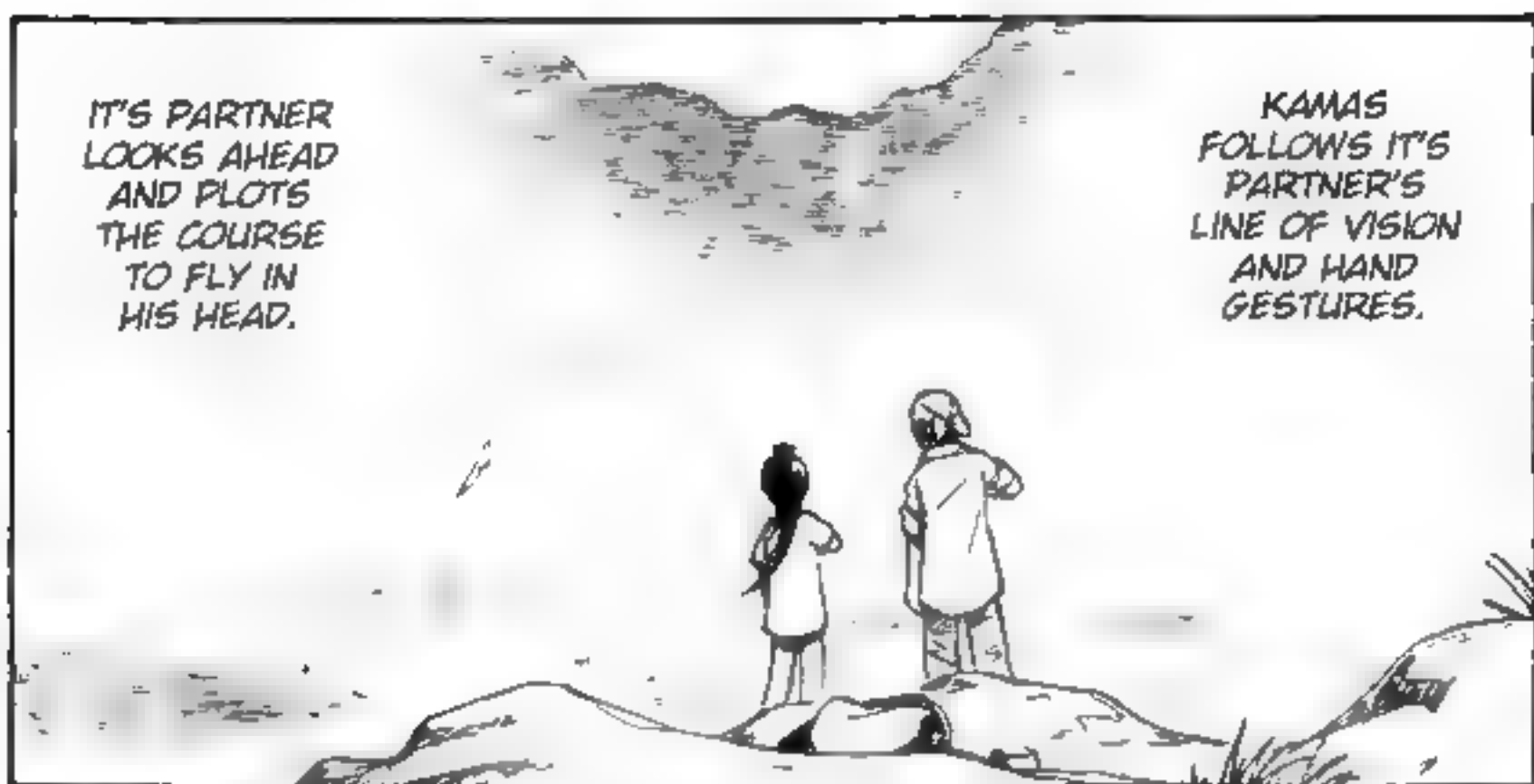
MM.

COOL...

SINCE  
KAMAS'S  
MOOD HAD  
GOTTEN  
BETTER,  
I LET MAKKI  
SEE HIM  
FLY.

IT'S PARTNER  
LOOKS AHEAD  
AND PLOTS  
THE COURSE  
TO FLY IN  
HIS HEAD.

KAMAS  
FOLLOWS IT'S  
PARTNER'S  
LINE OF VISION  
AND HAND  
GESTURES.



RIGHT...

I GET IT,  
SO YOU  
DO THIS...



THAT'S  
ODD.  
KAMAS  
LOOKS  
OFF  
COURSE.

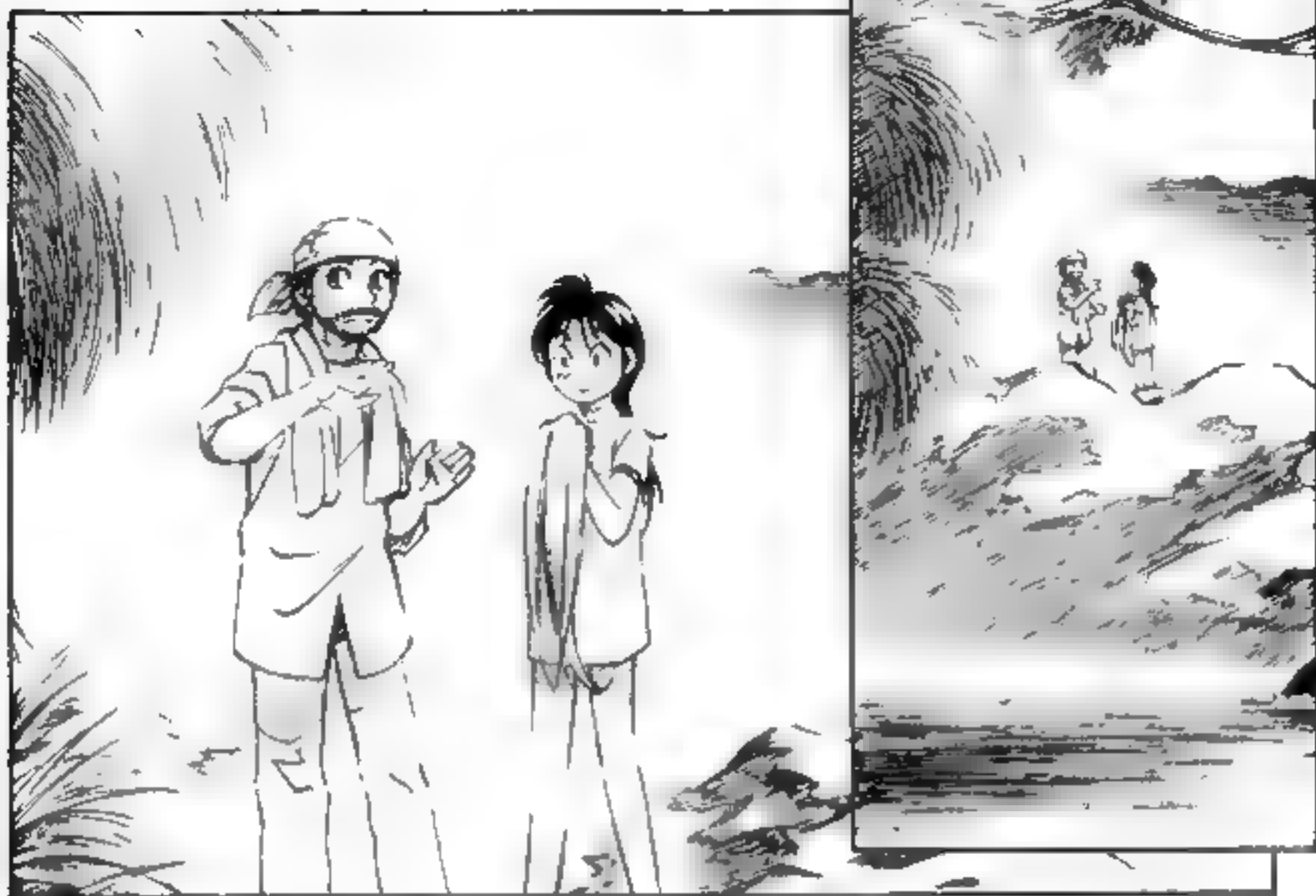






SFX. <WHISH>



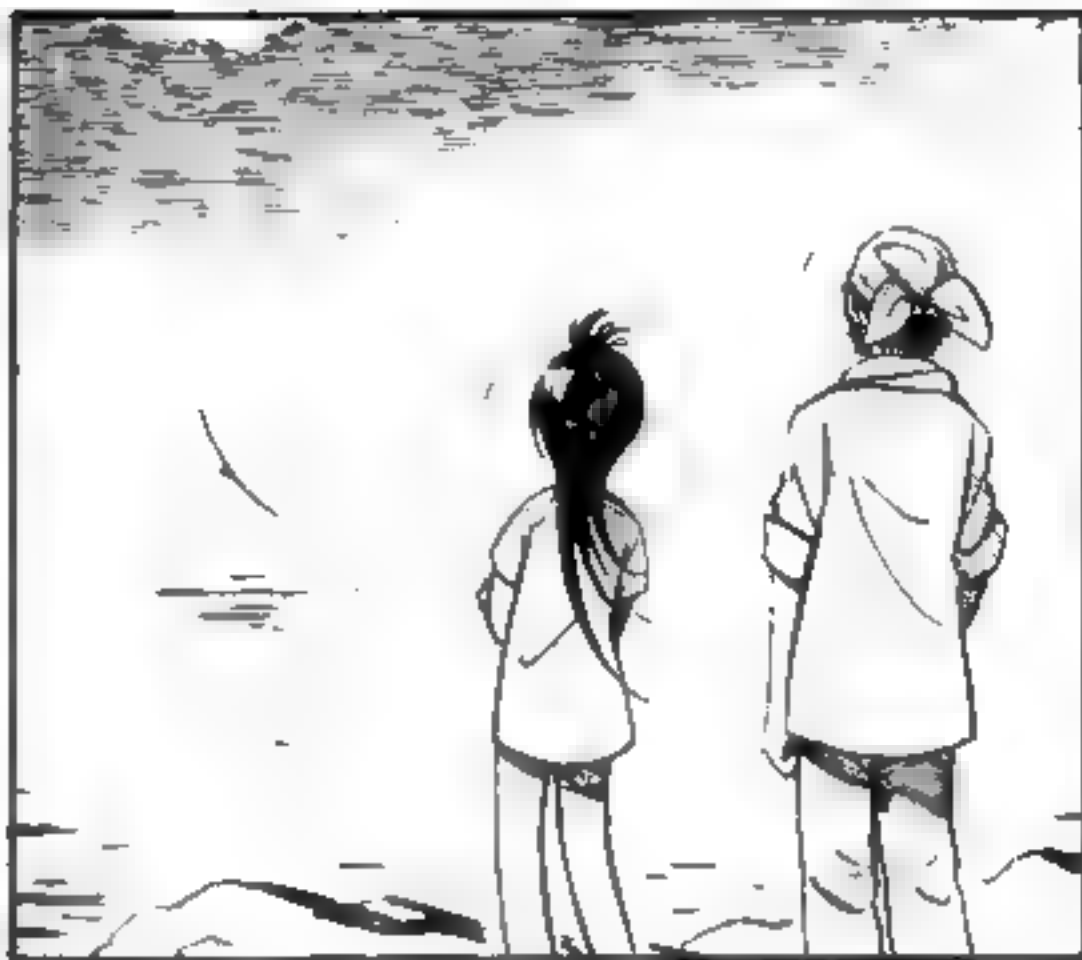


KAMAS'S PATH  
TRACES A PERFECT  
ARC THROUGH  
THE AIR



MAKKI'S EYES READ  
THE DIRECTION OF  
FLIGHT PERFECTLY.

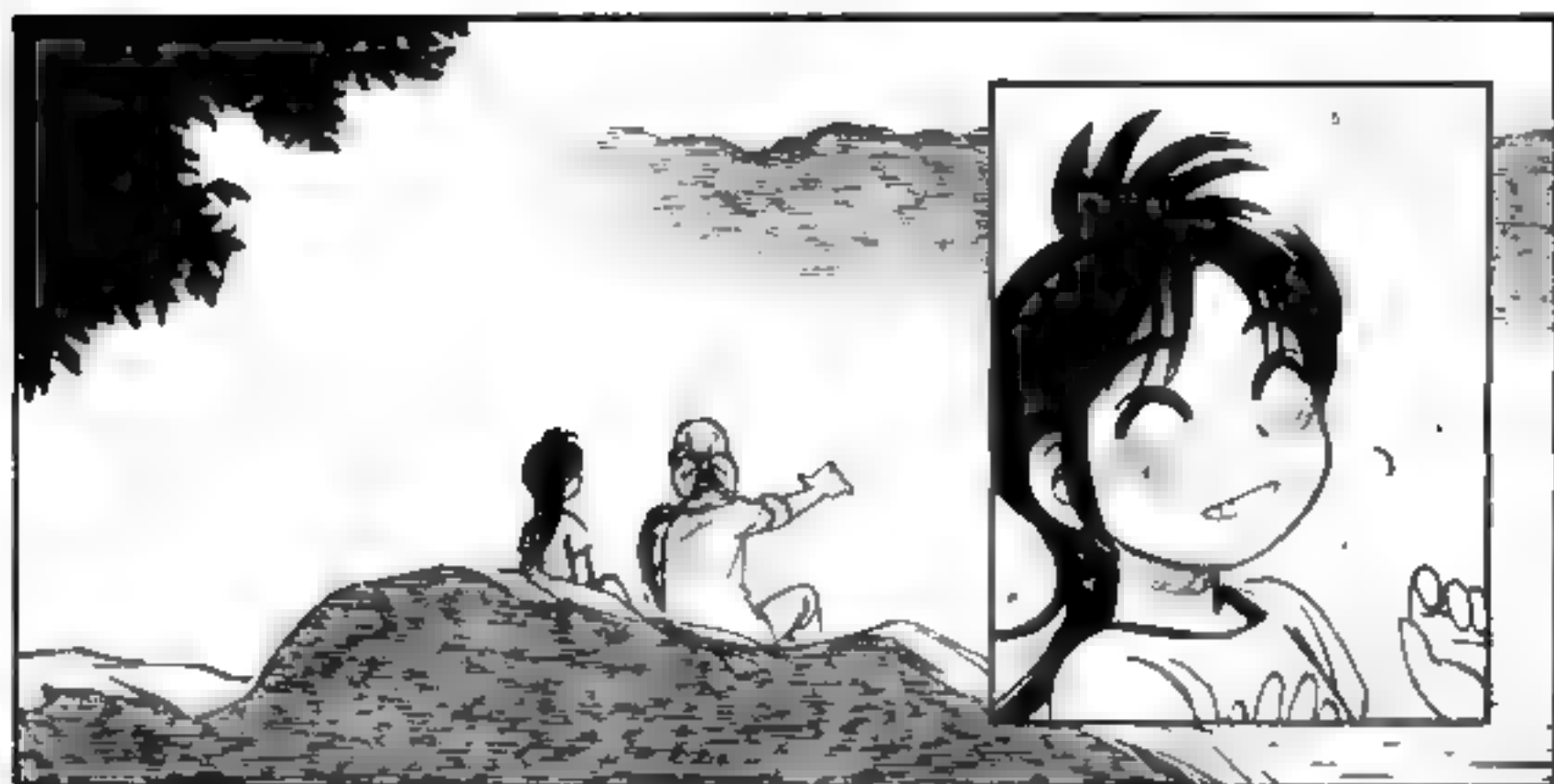




Y'KNOW  
MAKKI...

IT TOOK  
ME YEARS  
BEFORE I  
COULD DO AS  
WELL AS YOU  
JUST DID.





















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Misago's

"Someday I'll see that child again..."

